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PRICE ONE PENNY.



[THE LOVE THAT KILLS.]

## MYRA THE COQUETTE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh! thou lost  
And ever gentle lady—whose most fearful  
Fate darkens earth and Heaven—where  
thou now art  
I know not—but if thou now saw'st what I  
am,  
I think thou wouldst relent."

BYRON.

"MABEL," murmured Myra, "do not inform Mrs. Bentley of poor Jack Adams' fate, it would remind her of my past folly."

Mabel pressed her cousin's hand.

"I agree with you, but we may name the old fisherman's prophecy of a coming storm, it will account for our lengthened absence."

"Yes," she acquiesced, assentingly; "but I was thinking what misery is produced by flirtation. Pray with me, Mabel, that I may never fall into that sin again. I must write to Leonard to-morrow."

The sea breeze died away; the air grew sultry; the shades of evening passed by slow degrees into the dusk and darkness of a hot moonless night, but the threatened tempest delayed its coming till the inmates of Sea View Cottage had retired to rest.

Presently the thunder sent its muttered message that the Storm King was advancing; and soon his fury raged, the rain poured down in torrents, the lightning's blaze lit up the dense black clouds with momentary glare, the surrounding cliffs echoed the thunder's roar, and the wild dashing of the waves below added to the din.

Knowing that since her accident Mrs. Bentley had felt double dread and terror in a storm, her young friends dressed hastily and repaired to her bedroom, where their appearance was hailed with gratitude.

The window faced the narrow outlet to the beach, and through the thin blind the electric fluid played bright but harmlessly on the coverlet, and when the

blind was drawn aside the whole road was distinctly visible.

The clash and war of the elements were terrific and sublime; and the four females—for Spencer had begged for admission into the room—listened in silent awe and supplication.

Suddenly a strange sound mingled with and rose above the tumult; it was a female's voice, calling for help, and succeeded by a violent knocking at the outer door, proved that the wanderer sought hoped-for shelter within.

Mabel withdrew the window blind, but the woman had passed into the shadow of the house, and again shrieked out: "Help—help—open the door for the love of Heaven!"

Common humanity dictated compliance with the piteous cry. Mabel and Myra both descended the stairs; Spencer, with trembling hand, carrying a night lamp—the door was opened, the female rushed in, and in the drenched figure and pallid, terror-stricken face the girls, with fear and astonishment, recognised their late buxom landlady, Mrs. Bunce.

Before Mr. Woodman quitted the "Black Swan" that evening he had relieved Mrs. Bunce's mind by the information that her stranger guest should be removed from her care the next day. Of course, nothing had been mentioned of the peculiar interest with which she was regarded by the young ladies at Sea View Cottage, but the doctor had said, kindly:

"You have had a good deal of trouble and anxiety about this poor French girl, Mrs. Bunce, and in money matters shall be no loser by your attention. I will charge myself with that."

"What about to-night, sir?" she inquired, after thanking him for his good intentions. "Will ma'amel want watching again?"

"It would be as well that someone should remain in the room for a few hours after she has taken her draught," he replied. "Do not give it her until the last thing before you close your house; and if, happily, she should be in a natural sleep, by no means awake her."

After the good doctor had left Mrs. Bunce, not having much custom that evening, bethought her how lonesome and uncomfortable the house felt in comparison with the previous evening, when enlivened by the company of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Spencer. Sally was never much society at any time, but to-night—perhaps from the influence of the coming storm—she was more stupid than ever.

"So I will send for Nancy Reeves," thought Mrs. Bunce; "she will be better than nobody, and her being a little deaf will make no difference to that poor young thing, for she can't make us who can hear understand her langwidge."

Nancy Reeves willingly accepted the invitation of her old acquaintance, and fortified by a good supper, prepared to carry out the instructions which Mrs. Bunce had loudly impressed on her mind; but when they both went upstairs they found the young French girl apparently asleep, and remembering the doctor's orders, they withdrew softly and descended to the more agreeable bar-parlour, resolving to go up again shortly.

They little guessed the surging thoughts, the wild hopes and plans, the torturing memories, which lay beneath that semblance of a quiet slumber.

The few words written by Myra Linton and delivered by Mr. Woodman to his patient, so far from producing the calm and comfort he had anticipated, had given fresh impetus to the fever and excitement he thought to have allayed.

To-morrow, she read, she should be placed in safety—to-morrow she would begin her journey to her dear native land. She must get ready for that journey; she must not lie idle for hours, and be unprepared when the good doctor came to fetch her. No, she would rise and dress, and the time would soon pass, and he would come and find her ready; and then she need not dread that Louis—her still beloved Louis—would ever find her, for soon in the convent of St. Anne she should be safe and at rest, where this earthly love could no longer tempt her.

With the cunning of incipient mania, when she

heard footsteps approaching her door, she lay back on her pillow and simulated deep, peaceful sleep; but no sooner had Mrs. Bunce and her companion cautiously closed the door again, than her restless desire to rise returned.

Weak from recent illness and fatigue, she made but slow progress in her toilette, and her limbs trembled so that she felt thankful, instead of assuming her heavy silk dress, to throw on a dressing gown which Mabel had thoughtfully placed for her use.

A strange, bright light for an instant revealed each object in the room; swiftly the thunder's roll followed the erratic glare—hark! how the rain beats against the panes; what a continuous roar the tempest made, so sudden, and now so furious.

She tottered to the window, the lightning flashed, and almost flamed around her, and as she stood, with her dark hair streaming over her white dressing-gown, and her face pale with awe, she appeared like a visitant from another world to the excited imagination of poor Nancy Reeves, who, in obedience to the wishes of Mrs. Bunce, had stolen upstairs to look in on her (she hoped still sleeping) charge; but after a frightened glance from each on the other, the patient with trembling steps regained the bed, and the temporary nurse sat down for a few minutes to recover her composure.

Presently Mrs. Bunce entered, for feeling nervous herself at the increasing power of the storm, to which Nancy's deafness would render her less susceptible, she thought it her duty to ascertain what effect it might have on the stranger committed to her care.

No need to ask even if the question could be understood—the partially assumed dress, the wide open, terror-marked dark eyes, the shaking frame, told the good woman the tale of added sufferings in silent eloquence, and her first thought was to allay this terror and excitement by administering the prescribed sleeping draught.

But it was resolutely refused, the emphatic "non, non" being enforced by a firm gesture of repugnance, succeeded by an imploring clasping of the hands, raised as in mute appeal to be left alone, and in peace.

"Well, perhaps better so," thought the kind-hearted woman. "I dare to say French folks know their own feelings in a thunderstorm better than we English can teach 'em. But I can't bear being alone, so come, Nancy," speaking aloud and giving the woman a shake of the shoulders, "we'll go downstairs for a bit; as to going to bed in such a storm, it's what I can't do."

It was indeed a fearful night; no need to fear customers wanting to have the doors unclosed; so the boy ostler lay trembling in the stable loft, whither he had betaken himself earlier than usual, and Sally crept down from her attic with no dread of being again set to work in the kitchen.

There were few words spoken, as the storm raged on.

"It's very awsome," said Nancy Reeves, for even on her dull hearing the crash and clangour of the tempest made itself audible. "And how the door shakes, Mrs. Bunce; why I can see it move as if it would be stuv in."

"Hush!" said the landlady, holding up her hand and growing pale. "I fancy some one is at the door. Look, Sally, and listen; your ears are quick. Don't you hear some one calling out?"

A louder assault on the door and the shout of a man's voice made Sally's reply unnecessary.

"It seems cruel to keep a fellow-creature out in such weather," said her mistress; "but with only weak females here it's running a risk to let any strangers in."

"He'll break the door open if we don't do it quietly," returned Sally, "so shall I undraw the bolt?"

"Ay, do girl; but first ask who be there."

To this inquiry no answer was given, but a heavier push against the old door made it evidently prudent to prevent its strength being further tested.

Sally unlocked and unbolted the time-worn barrier, and a tall man, whose drenched and travel-stained appearance was revealed by the vivid flashes of lightning, was almost driven into the narrow passage by the force of the wind and rain.

The kind feeling of the woman and the civility of the hostess were equally aroused in Mrs. Bunce. Soiled and dripping as were the garments of the stranger, they were evidently worn by a gentleman, and as he pulled off his wet hat he showed rather a handsome face, a long, brown moustache shading the worst feature, a hard, stern mouth.

"Dear, dear! how dreadful wet you are, sir!" cried Mrs. Bunce. "Here, Sally, help to take off the gentleman's coat. No—won't you, sir? Well, as you please. We'll have a bed got ready directly, and perhaps you'd like something hot when you're

undressed? Your clothes shall be dried by the morning."

Not one word was uttered in reply, but the stranger almost rudely repulsed Sally's civilities, and seemed to be trying to regain breath after his late encounter with the elements.

"But however did you come to be out in such a storm as this, sir," resumed his hostess, "and get to this lone spot like? But mayhan, sir," she ventured on, "you had lost your way?"

Then came the answer, in such a deep, harsh voice that the poor woman started in surprise and fear.

"No, I have not lost my way; but some days since I lost what is as precious to me as my own life—I lost my wife, and I believe, woman, I shall find her in this house."

Mrs. Bunce staggered back in terror and confusion.

"Your wife! That poor young French lady your wife!" she instinctively exclaimed.

"Ah! she is here, then?" he cried, hoarsely. "Now let me see her at once, or prevent me at your peril!"

But good Mrs. Bunce had partly recovered from her astonishment and fear, and her motherly sympathy for the young stranger so strangely committed to her charge overcame her usual deference to male customers.

"Don't threaten me in my own house, sir!" she said, with spirit. "If this poor young lady is your wife of course you have a right to be allowed to see her, but you must pardon me for refusing leave for you to do so to-night. She has been very ill, sir, brought here by a good, clever doctor, who has ordered me to keep her quiet, and," with a slight allowable deviation from the truth, "I have given her by his directions a sleeping draught, and to awake her suddenly from its effects might endanger her life."

"Cease your useless opposition and excuses," he replied, with an oath. "See her I will; and your best course will be to guide me to her quietly and at once, for I swear unless you do so I will force my way into every room in the house until I find her of whom I am in search."

Still the storm raged on without—but Heaven's tempests serve to purify the air. Within the storm of human passions would taint the moral atmosphere with ruin and destruction. In the hitherto quiet village inn there was discord now more perilous to immortal souls than the lightning's scathing power to mortal bodies. Masculine force opposed to weak feminine resistance prevailed, and the self-asserted husband opened the chamber-door of her whom he had called his wife.

Feverish, restless, still clinging to the desire of being in readiness for the doctor's summons to depart, the French girl rose again as soon as the two women left the room, and with trembling steps resumed her position at the window, through which the lightning flashed continuously and illumined the room throughout; but she bore the glare unflinchingly, and listened "with bated breath and lips apart" for the thunderclap of which each flash was the bright herald. There was presently an added rush of wind and rain into the house. Had any poor wayfarer sought shelter from the storm.

Her room door was not quite shut; she could hear talking below, and—hark! there was a man's voice surely, raised in anger—and, could it be the voice she knew too well.

Had Louis traced her to this refuge? Would they let him come to her room? Forbid it, Heaven!

Pressing one hand on her heart to still its tumultuous beating, with the other she grasped the ivory symbol of her faith and stood in speechless agitation, earthly love striving against the stern dictates of religion.

Which would conquer; the decision would soon be known, for quick steps ascend the stairs, the door is hastily pushed open, and the drenched, too-well-loved Louis darts towards the white-robed figure with eager looks and ardent words.

"Found, found at last," he cried, in ecstacy; "never to part again as long as life remains," and he would fain have drawn her to his breast. But one more struggle must be made before love is proclaimed the victor.

"Why did you leave me so cruelly," he asked, with tender reproach.

"You know full well," she said, faintly, her dark eyes fixed mournfully on his face; "you had deceived me. I thought you an honest, honourable man. I found out that you and my bad brother were thieves. Think you I would wed a criminal?"

"It was for your sake I sinned," he murmured, shrinking from her reproachful glance.

"Yes, I know it now," she replied, her voice trembling with emotion, "and for that reason we

must both be punished. I have a good friend, who to-morrow will take me back to France, and place me in the sacred shelter of the cloister. Let us—say—farewell—now," the words came out in gasps, the beatings of her heart were nearly suffocating her.

"No," he cried, fiercely; "you shall not leave me; you have sworn to be my wife, and I'll keep you to your oath."

"Do not tempt me, Louis," she said, piteously. "I would have borne poverty with you, but I will never share the wealth dishonestly acquired. Your villany has ruined the happy prospects of one who has been an angel to me in my trouble, and shall I consent to live on the proceeds of that villany? Never!"

Oh, how the poor heart swelled and struggled within the agitated speaker.

"Listen, dearest, best beloved," said Parkyns, imploringly. "Do not thrust me from you with such a gesture of reproach and abhorrence. Listen, I say. If I restore the money and valuable securities I stole from my employers will you forgive me and become my wife?"

Her whole face was irradiated with love and joy.

"Yes," she replied, emphatically. "But will you do this?"

"I will," he answered, firmly, as soon as we quit this place."

A deep flush, such as once before had mounted to her brow, now overspread her face. It passed, and left her pallid—colourless.

"Then take me, Louis!" she gasped, and fell into his eagerly-extended arms—dead!

From this scene of horror and confusion, the climax alone being intelligible to her, poor Mrs. Bunce had rushed through the blinding storm to ask help and counsel from the good young ladies at Sea View Cottage.

## CHAPTER XX.

As with us mortal men, the laden heart  
Is persecuted more, and fevered more,  
When it is sighing to the mournful house  
Where other hearts are sick of the same disease.  
KEATS.

It was the morning of the eventful day on which Leonard St. Clair had promised to meet his mercantile connections, and abide the consequences of his late clerk's frauds and defalcations.

On each of the days that had elapsed since his return from Elmfield, and his brief blissful re-union with his beloved Myra, he had made efforts to track the criminal; but everywhere he had been baffled. He had again gone to the terrace in St. John's Wood, hoping to gain some information of the Frenchman's movements, but a card in the window, inscribed "Furnished Apartments," indicated his absence, and the sharp-nosed landlady, whose manner changed on finding he was not a probable lodger, gave to his inquiries the curt reply that "a month's rent had been paid in advance when Musser took the rooms, and so he had no need to give her notice when he chose to leave."

No letters had been received for Mr. Parkyns at the address he had given his former landlady, and when in sheer despair Leonard wended his way to her house in W— Street a similar disappointment awaited him there.

"I am very sorry, sir, that you have had such trouble for nothing," said Mrs. Potter, still struggling with her sympathy for the gentleman who had behaved so generously, and her kindly remembrance of her late lodger, "but I wish you could get your money back without that young man being punished."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," thought St. Clair, faintly smiling at the good woman's aspiration. "I suppose you have not seen Parkyns since I was here?" he inquired, in a doubtful tone.

"No, sir, I think it very unlikely he would venture here," she replied, "and I hope he never will, for I'm sure I don't know what I should do in that case," and Mrs. Potter applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I agree with you it is scarcely probable he will return," rejoined Leonard, "but should he ever do so—" he paused. "I leave it to your consideration how then to act," and with a friendly hand-shake he quitted the house; Mrs. Potter and himself being happily unconscious that her decision on such a momentous subject might be soon and suddenly required.

St. Clair had given up his apartments at the Albany on his return from his unsuccessful journey to Southampton, and taken a humbler lodging in the City, that he might be nearer his invalid partner, and take his place daily in the house of business.



This was the last day he could count on that concern being retained in the hitherto honoured names of "Murroe and St. Clair." Firmly as he had met the threatened ruin, he could not but feel deeply now that all hope must be abandoned that it might be averted, and that he must himself proclaim the degrading fact.

For himself alone, young, healthy, energetic, he could have borne reverses bravely, and not grudged a few years of his life to rebuild his fortune; but now there was his father's old companion, his own kind friend, who had striven to supply that dead parent's place; he would be rendered destitute, and this was the hardest blow—his own hopes were shattered of connubial happiness, for much as he prized the warm expressions of fidelity which his loved Myra's lips had so lately uttered, his love for her was too pure and unselfish to allow him to take advantage of her affection, and, as his wife, to drag her down to penury.

Still the certainty of her love and constancy was a sweet soothing ingredient in the bitter cup he had now to drain, and although he had risen earlier than usual he could not leave the house until the first post was in, for surely there would be a letter from her this morning.

Yes, there was the welcome "postman's knock," and Leonard snatched the expected letter from his hands, jealous lest other eyes should rest on the dear handwriting.

Myra had begun her promised journal with a detailed account of their journey to Brineport, and their obligatory sojourn in the village. Then followed the impromptu acquaintance with Mr. Woodman, and the deferred legend of a certain rock, but she lightly passed over the interest awakened by the young French girl (hoping to have something definite to communicate before closing her letter), and after describing their romantically situated cottage, her epistle ended abruptly with renewed protestations of unalterable affection.

Leonard read it over twice, and then, heaving a sigh of surprise and disappointment at its brevity, he began to replace it in the envelope—something impeded it. It was another piece of paper, evidently thrust in in haste. He drew it forth, hurriedly unfolded it, and read these words, traced with a trembling hand:

"Oh! my beloved, will you forgive us? Parkyns has been in this very place, and has escaped again. Had you been here he might have been secured. Even now, if you can come down, you may be able to trace his steps. Dearest Leonard, such fearful things have happened that until we meet again I shall be almost distracted."

"Escaped again?" The words uttered aloud in his excitement seemed to sound in mockery of his position. Had not honour bound him to return to town he might have accompanied his aunt and her companions, and have captured this villain.

What could have brought him to that lone village?

Ah! it was all plain to him now. That French girl was the attraction. But had they come together to Brineport, and been for days tainting the air with their iniquitous presence which his beloved one was breathing? Fearful things had happened; Myra would be wretched until they met again. The words so faintly traced on paper seemed imprinted on his brain in characters of fire. What must he do? To hasten down to the spot would, he feared, be useless. The culprit was doubtless beyond the sea by this time; but still his presence would give comfort to those whose happiness was bound up in his own.

He would try to make a compromise between duty and inclination. He would communicate the news he had received to those parties who were to meet him to-day, and take their advice on the course he should pursue, candidly naming his personal wishes on the subject.

Calmed by this resolution Leonard partook of a slight breakfast, and then set forth to the important meeting.

In the grey dawn of that July morning, when the mighty heart of London beat between long pauses in the almost silent streets, a man, more muffled up than seemed necessary for that warm season, stole cautiously along the shadowed side of W—Street, and paused at Mrs. Potter's door; no need to fear remark even should the solitary policeman appear, for the familiar application of a latch key seemed to prove the holder's right to enter.

Once within the house he noiselessly entered the front room, closing the door softly, drew up the window blind (the shutters had not been closed), and looked round with a wild, mournful gaze.

Pressing both hands heavily on his clammy brow,

he gnashed his teeth in the agony of retrospection, then suddenly straightened his frame, firmly set his lips together, walked to the side table and brought the bronze inkstand, and the blotting book from which, some weeks before, St. Clair had obtained the address of Mademoiselle Goumet, and drawing forth some note paper, sat down to write.

The hours passed, marked by the deep tones of a neighbouring clock—the rising sun looked through an opening of the houses opposite, upon the pale, haggard face, and bent, weary figure, but still he wrote on.

Soon the early morning cries broke the quiet of the long, straight street—the rumble of carts and other vehicles became frequently audible—London was awaking—and ere long another day of good and evil deeds would begin, and have their place in the unfaceable Record.

The sounds caught the ear of the hitherto absorbed man. His task was nearly finished, but he had other work which must be done before the busy world would be about to note his movements.

And now the many close-folded sheets were folded into a large envelope, drawn from the pocket of the writing case, sealed by the aid of a wax taper, and directed to "Mr. St. Clair—private."

This completed he drew carefully from within his vest a small leather bag, which contained a key of curious workmanship, and this he placed within a smaller envelope and addressed it as the other. At this minute the door was opened, Mrs. Potter was an early riser; she kept no servant, and was always desirous of sweeping her passage and cleaning her front steps before any of the slipshod girls in the service of her more pretentious neighbours began their out-door occupations, and could make observations upon hers.

Her first action before descending to the kitchen was always to enter the sitting-room appropriated to lodgers, and when the weather was fine to fling up the window and let in the fresh air.

This morning it was particularly desirable, for the night had been hot and sultry, and the house, even to her accustomed senses, seemed suffocating and unhealthy.

Her dreams, too, had been uncomfortable; her late interview with St. Clair having mingled with improbabilities relating to her faulty lodger, all of a painful nature.

The poor woman came downstairs excited and unrefreshed, her thoughts still running on the subject, and she started back in amazement and terror on opening the door to see what she thought was the ghost of "poor dear, wicked Mr. Parkyns," seated in his old place by the table.

His appearance was indeed calculated to inspire fear. His hollow eyes and pallid, care-worn cheeks, his hair unkempt, streaked with grey, produced by recent sorrow, his wild, haggard looks, as he turned them on his once kind-hearted landlady, were enough to scare less timid minds. But Mrs. Potter's superstitious feeling passed instantly, and she realised, with a feeling of dread and horror, that there stood before her a living criminal, whom she might be punished for not delivering up to justice.

No, she could not do it. She had a son, now in a distant land. Suppose he were tempted to do wrong, as this young man had been, would not she think it cruel of a woman whose "daily bread" had been bought for years by his honest payments, to bring disgrace and life-long imprisonment on his head? No—she could not be so ungrateful, so unwomanly. But she must not harbour him; he must leave her house directly, and then no one need ever know he had been within it.

These thoughts had passed rapidly through the poor woman's mind, but these last two resolutions she had spoken in a low, trembling, earnest voice.

"I am going to leave you immediately," he said, in a hoarse, hollow whisper. "I only came because I had work to do, and I knew of no other place to do it in. I felt sure if you came in before I had finished you would not betray me, and now, as you have seen and spoken to me, will you do me one more favour—the last I shall ever ask you?"

She stood trembling, and with the tears running down her cheeks could give no answer beyond the simple words:

"Name it."

Parkyns raised the smaller packet from the table. "Keep this until the person to whom it is directed comes for it himself."

She received it in silent surprise, and promised compliance with his wish.

"There is your little key," he said, lying it before her. "You had perhaps forgotten that I took it away. It has done me the last service I shall ever require. I hope its next possessor may be a more worthy one. And now, farewell. You were always kind and good to me. May you be happy and prosperous, and—forget me."

He wrung her hand forcibly; then, snatching up his weather-stained hat, he darted from the house, and she saw him no more. Half an hour afterwards he was in the city, where his appearance again caused surprise and consternation.

Abel Saunders, the faithful old porter, who had first set St. Clair on the search for the delinquent clerk, had slept each night since in the house of business, for the twofold purpose of guarding the premises and of being useful to the good housekeeper, Mary Mansell, in her attendance on her still invalid master.

Punctually at six o'clock each morning Abel unlocked and withdrew the heavy chain and iron bar which secured the outer door, unlocked it cautiously, and as cautiously looked forth to note that no suspicious characters lurked near to take advantage, when he withdrew for a few minutes to fetch his broom, and, as he phrased it, "to fettle up the place." On this warm morning, when he felt that what air could be obtained in the close, narrow street was doubly needed, Abel threw open the door with more than usual promptitude, but the old man had nearly fallen down the steps when he beheld, as if waiting for admittance, Louis Parkyns—changed sadly, it is true, from the bright, handsome young man who always had a smile and a good-humoured salutation for the grey-headed sorcerer—but still too easily recognisable by Abel's frightened gaze.

"Don't speak or move, Abel," said Parkyns, placing his arm across the open doorway, "you will do better service to your master by silence and submission to my wishes, than by raising an outcry to deprive me of liberty. Give this packet to Mr. St. Clair as soon as he comes here to-day, and believe me he will quite forgive you for not calling in the police." A strange smile flitted across his mouth, and his face assumed a ghastly paleness as he added in a broken voice: "Good-bye, old friend, you will soon be glad to know that you will have no further trouble with the thief Louis Parkyns."

He turned hastily away, passed quickly through an adjacent street, rushed down a now deserted passage which led to the river, and in another minute he took the desperate leap which would end in the ocean of eternity!

Abel Saunders stood almost paralysed with astonishment and alarm, mingled with a vague fear that he had not quite done his duty by allowing the man to escape who had brought such trouble on the "House," but he firmly grasped the packet given to him, and audibly expressed the hope that his young master would soon arrive and find the contents as "serviceable" as had been promised, "for I don't think he was telling a lie," he muttered, he looked so awful bad, and as if he did not care what became of him, poor young man," and the old man's eyes had a sudden dimness in them which was not to his discredit.

Not for one minute did Abel relinquish his precious charge, nor quit the entrance through which he hoped to see his young master pass; but feeling nervous how to deliver the packet without some explanation he placed it within his waistcoat, and coned over his opening speech.

Shortly after Leonard entered, still agitated by the contents of Myra's brief note, and Abel, stepping forward with a respectful gesture, addressed him in a trembling voice.

"About two hours ago, Mr. Leonard, as you'll be surprised to hear, sir, Parkyns called here, and—"

"Called here?" interrupted Leonard, flushing with anger. "And you did not obtain assistance to secure him! Which way did the fellow go? We may not be too late to capture him;" he was turning hastily away when Abel caught his arm.

"And he gave me this packet, sir, producing it, and said it would be of more service to you than if you gave him into custody."

St. Clair snatched it from his hand, and passing quickly into the private office, closed the door, and sitting down, broke the seal, eagerly opened the paper and read as follows:

"I do not ask your forgiveness for what you have doubtless considered my ungrateful return for the kindness you have shown me. I am, at least, no hypocrite. Had my schemes succeeded, my happiness and that of one whom I loved better than myself would have been secured, and I should not have cared that yours would be sacrificed. It was not to be. I am punished in the only point where I am vulnerable; and it is not that I am penitent for what the world would call my crime, but the fact that I have sinned in vain which prompts me to write these lines, and though my misdeeds will doubtless move your indignation I shall be beyond your power of enforcing it."

"It is to clear the memory of her for whose sake I became a forger and a thief that I now give you

the following explanation: Six months ago when you were travelling for your health Mr. Munroe received some intelligence from Paris, which he thought required a personal communication in return, from an accredited agent of the firm, and in your absence he appointed me to do his bidding.

"I fulfilled my mission in less time than was expected, several days were at my disposal before I need return to England, and I was glad of the opportunity thus afforded to partake of some of the amusements of the gay capital. A slight acquaintance with a clerk in the mercantile house I had been sent to was improved by him into daily intimacy. He invited me to his apartments, where play was the usual evening amusement, and where the money advanced for my legitimate expenses was speedily squandered at the gaming table.

"I should have withdrawn from the temptation but that on the second visit I paid Gourmet, who was some years older than myself, I was introduced to his young sister, and from that moment my fate was sealed. She was more than beautiful, she was fascinating in the full sense of the word, and I could no more have resisted any wish or desire she expressed than I could have prevented my heart from beating. Gourmet took advantage of my evident enthralment, and candidly told me that he would advance my suit to his sister on the condition that I would provide her with a wealthy establishment.

"This he knew I could not do in my position as a mere clerk, and I was nearly distracted, for Annette had given me encouragement from the very first; had allowed me to be her cavalier to the opera, and other places of entertainment, her brother accompanying us to play propriety, but leaving us together, and only returning in time to go home.

"My leave of absence was on the eve of expiration. I resolved to make a declaration of my love to Annette, and tell the truth about my circumstances; but her artful brother interfered. He sought me at the hotel, and by degrees laid bare his schemes for my obtaining his sister's hand, and at the same time fulfilling her ambition of marrying a rich man. He told me he had from the first intimated that I was the son of the senior partner in a wealthy English firm, and Annette had consequently allowed herself the indulgence of reciprocating the attachment which had so immediately sprung up on my side. I listened with strange mingled feelings of rapture that I was beloved and of abhorrence at the terms on which I must purchase the privilege of making my beloved Annette my wife; but love—blind, passionate love—swept away my scruples, and I consented to become the accomplice of Gourmet in the plans he had formed for my obtaining a considerable sum of money. I did this on two conditions: first that his sister should never be told the truth, and secondly that he should bring her to England and allow her to become my wife before we quitted my native land to enjoy the fruits of his and my iniquity, and these conditions he promised to carry out.

"When our separate forgeries and my pillage of the cash-box had produced a certain sum, I wrote, demanding Annette's presence. He brought her to England; I saw her frequently. She still believed in my position as the son of a wealthy father; but I now changed my plans on one point, and told her that he would never give his consent to my marrying a Catholic, and therefore we must contrive to get across to Jersey, where she had some relatives, and be there united by a priest of her own church. Once married I should not dread the displeasure of my father or any one else. Poor darling, she believed me, and followed my orders to precede me to Southampton, and but for a mistake about the trains we should have met, and left England that same night.

"Early the next morning I telegraphed to Gourmet from the obscure inn where we had been thankful to take refuge, stating our unfortunate detention, and received an immediate reply, which, proving that you were on our track, obliged me to entirely alter our plans; as I hoped by retracing our steps, and diverging from direct routes, to throw you off the scent. For a fortnight we were hunted from place to place. At length I thought we had reached a quiet spot where my poor harassed Annette might rest awhile; never once had she reproached me for the anxiety and fatigue she endured, still believing that it was from the pursuit of my angry father that we were flying; her only daily entreaty was that we might go to some place where we could get across the sea, and each day asked whether we were nearing it.

"I had imprudently, as it proved, written a cautious note to Gourmet, to a fixed address, naming that we should rest for three days in this out of the way village; but I was both surprised and displeased at seeing him arrive the next evening, having walked

from a distant railway station. He was vexed at seeing his sister look ill and weak, and accused me of cowardice in not crossing the water at all hazards. I retorted, and he, forgetting caution and promises, gave way to passion, telling me in coarse, abusive terms that I had deceived him and his sister in everything; and that if he could have got possession of the money without my co-operation he would have done so, and taken Annette away from me altogether. Annette was terrified at her brother's violence, but nevertheless insisted on an explanation of his threats, which I—idiot that I was—dared him to give on peril of his not receiving the promised share of our enterprise.

"But I had unloosed a demon spirit; he well knew that I would sacrifice everything sooner than relinquish her, for whom I had already dared so much; and in mocking words he taunted me with being an impostor, a forger, and a thief. The barrier was removed, the torrent poured forth without restraint. My darling turned on me one look of mingled love and horror. 'Is this true?' she asked, in a low, trembling voice; but before I could try to extenuate my fault, and plead for pardon, she quitted the room, and after a pause, in which we each regained our reason, and made fresh arrangements, Gourmet left the house with the express intention of proceeding to Jersey, whither I had already forwarded a portion of the sum originally agreed upon.

"The next morning the punishment of my fault began. Annette was missing. It must have been in the early dawn that she had quitted the house unknown to any of the rustic servants; and for nearly three days I searched for her in vain. A chance encounter with a poor fisherman, going in haste to fetch a doctor for his suffering wife, gave me a clue to my dear one's hiding-place. No doubt she had made her way to the seaside, thinking, under ignorance of maritime matters, that from any part she could get aboard a vessel and cross to her beloved France.

"A fearful storm came on, but I braved it, and though thunder rolled, and lightning flashed, and rain came down in torrents, persevered, and when I nearly forced my way into the little seaside village inn it was better to me than the palace of a king, for I found it held the treasure of my life—the prize I was in search of. My beloved Annette was there, brought there, the woman of the house told me, by a doctor; but she was ill—almost dying. I must not see her—not see her so cruelly lost, so strangely found. As well bid the thunder cease its roar—the storm be still. I entered my beloved's room. She knew me, and I saw with rapture she loved me still. We spoke; she told me in faltering accents why she had left me. Her affections had been given, as she thought, to an honourable and honest man.

"Had I proved so? Even had I been poor she would have loved and married me, but the revelations of her brother had awakened her from a delusion, and we must part for ever, for my crime had not only shattered her happiness, but that of the affianced bride of my injured employer, who had been to her as a sister in her trouble. I saw and felt she was resolute in her determination, and in desperation I threw aside all thoughts of affluence and luxury, and asked, if I made restitution of my ill-gotten wealth, would she forgive me and become my wife. The remembrance of the ecstatic look of love and joy which irradiated her countenance as she heard the proposition haunts me as I trace these lines.

"She murmured acquiescence as I repeated my promise to do this; and as I threw open my arms to embrace her beloved form the pure spirit which had animated it fled through the unseen portals, and I grasped a corpse! I shall not receive the guerdon for which I toiled, but I will keep the promise which brought me my dear one's last living words. I repeat I do not ask your forgiveness, nor shall I need it, for before you receive this letter I shall be no more.

"I cannot live without her who was all the world to me—wealth would have no charms—life no interest, therefore I have written this explanation, and will enclose a paper of instructions, whereby you will be able to recover possession of your money and securities, and regain that credit and position for yourself and partner which has been imperilled through my misconduct. May it conduce to your happiness, and that of the angel who soothed and tended my suffering darling. These are the last words you will ever receive from—LOUIS PARKYNS."

With mingled feelings of pity for the unhappy man who had penned this record of sin and suffering, and thankfulness that its consequences had been so mercifully overruled to his advantage, Leonard St. Clair sat for a few minutes, uncertain whether to

share this communication with Mr. Munroe, or wait until he had followed the instructions in Parkyn's enclosure, and regained possession of the stolen money.

He would admit good anxious Abel to his confidence, and take his advice. Proud and grateful was the old servant when "Mr. Leonard" called him in and told him the contents of the packet he had entrusted to his care, and after reverently thanking Heaven, he said, respectfully:

"I would let old master know there is a chance of things going right, sir; but I would not tell him all until you have been to Parkyn's lodgings and got the money he has promised, for, pardon me, Mr. Leonard, 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

Acting on this advice, not without a twinge of doubt suggested by Abel's cautious words, Leonard saw his enfeebled partner, and the smile of hope which lit up the old man's pale face as he listened, nerved the young man to any exertion which might be necessary to convert that hope into certainty.

(To be Continued.)

#### WHEN THE LAW OF VERACITY IS VIOLATED.

When we state as true what we do not know to be true;

When we intentionally produce a false impression; When we find that we have, though undesignedly, conveyed a false impression and do not hasten to correct it;

When we state a matter in the least degree different from the shape it has in our own minds;

When in the statement of what may be true in fact we purposely omit any circumstances which are necessary to correct apprehension of the truth;

When we exaggerate or extenuate any of those circumstances;

When we purposely arrange the facts of a true representation in such a manner as to deceive;

When, with intention to deceive, we accompany a statement with the look of the eye, a tone of the voice, a motion of the head, or anything which may influence the mind and conduce to a false impression;

When we answer a question evasively, so as to deceive, under the secret pretence that the inquirer has no right to know the truth;

When, by word or act, we create an expectation which we do not intend to fulfil;

When we create an expectation which, though we intend to fulfil it, we afterward fail to fulfil, without due care to explain the cause of the failure;

When we do not fulfil a promise in every respect precisely as we suppose the promisee understood it;

When we fulfil a contract or promise in every particular except as to time, and make no effort, show no disposition to give early notice that the delay was unavoidable.

#### ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

A MEETING was held on Monday last in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, in aid of the funds of this struggling institution, presided over by the Lord Mayor. After twenty years, during which professional prejudices and obstacles of no ordinary character have beset its path and hampered its progress, we sincerely hope that the laudable objects and benevolent conception which originated this haven of rest for the worn-out servants of the public will meet with due acknowledgment and support. Among those present were Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Chatterton, Mr. John Coleman, Mr. Emery, Mr. Rowe, Mr. Edward Murray, Mr. Edgar Ray, chairman of the committee of the College, Mr. A. F. Shaw, Mr. Edward Ledger, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Lafontaine, and Miss Bella Pateman. Apologies for unavoidable absence were read from Mrs. Howard Paul, the Misses Vokes, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Jenny Lee, Miss Neilson, and Miss Bufton. After earnest appeals from the Lord Mayor, from Mr. Edgar Ray, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Mellon, and Mr. Emery, a subscription list was opened, and donations from the Lord Mayor £10 10s., from Mr. Willing 25 guineas and £10 10s. annually, and other well-wishers were announced, which we trust to see liberally supplemented.

MR. THENYSON has recently come into possession of a considerable estate in Lincolnshire.





[BRANDE'S HEADLAND.]

## THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

### CHAPTER XXII.

SUSAN commenced and related just so much of the particulars of the shipwreck as had reached her through the public press, and through the conversation of those persons with whom she had been thrown in company. One important fact, however, she reserved for a separate recital—that fact was the discovery and burial of the drowned body of Victoire L'Orient.

Lady Montessor listened, with her head bowed upon her hand, with her long, black ringlets falling veil-like around her beautiful pale face, and with her full, dark eyes lowered mournfully to the ground. But that consuming grief had long ago dried up the fountain of her tears they must have fallen thick and fast over the sad recital. As it was her lovely eyes were tearless, and her deep melodious voice calm, as she commented on what she heard.

"It was indeed a fearful tragedy; but life is full of tragedies that the eyes of the world see not, or the mind of the world ignores—heart-tragedies, soul-tragedies—storms in which not ships and cargoes, but hopes and aspirations are engulfed forever."

"But Lord Montessor, dear lady! surely his heroism—"

"Was a portion of himself, and does not in the least surprise me, my girl."

"Will nothing give her pleasure? not even her lover's heroism?" inquired Susan of herself, as she watched the motionless face of her mistress.

"Do not confine yourself to this room with me, my girl. Get your bonnet and take a walk—only be discreet, keep to the back streets, and the shady side, and do not raise your veil. Go, Susan," said the lady, considerate of her attendant's welfare.

"Thank you, dear madame, but I have no desire to do so. Besides, I have not told you all."

"I think you have, my child: pray do not recur to the subject, my Susan," said the lady, wearily.

"But, mistress, dear, this event that I have to tell you, so nearly, so vitally, concerns yourself."

The lady mournfully, incredulously, shook her head.

"Let me tell you, madame: indeed, I have it upon my conscience to tell you. I should have told you before, but I was afraid to divulge it suddenly, lest I should do you an injury; and every time I approached the subject gradually, you repelled me and repelled me. Oh, it was as if a drowning lady had waived off and waived off the life-boat that was coming to save her. And besides there are some names that you will never endure to hear uttered in your presence."

"Susan, memory is a rack; and I—seek forgetfulness—as if that were possible, great Heaven!"

"Mistress, may I speak?"

"Go on."

"Monsieur Victoire L'Orient—"

"Hold!" cried Lady Montessor, starting and then sinking back in the corner of her chair, collapsed, cowering, shuddering, as if that name had been a musket-shot sent through her bosom.

"Is no more!" persisted Susan, following up the shrinking form of her mistress, and speaking close to her ear—"is no more, do you hear, lady? is dead, drowned, buried in the sea."

Lady Montessor lifted a pale, wild, incredulous face to the speaker.

"Yes, dead, drowned, buried in the sea," repeated the girl, emphatically.

Lady Montessor changed neither attitude nor expression, but remained gazing almost fiercely upon the speaker.

"In a word, madame, he was lost in the 'Mercury.'"

"Why, so he was in the 'Duke of Anjou,' said the lady, in a strange, ironical tone.

"I know; but this time, lady, he was drowned."

"So he was before. He does not mind it, Susan: it does not affect him in the least," said Estelle.

"Madame, drowning certainly disagreed with him this time."

"I think it will be found that he is well and hearty, Susan."

"Oh, I see you don't believe it. But there is a full account of the whole affair in the Baltimore 'American.'"

"Why, so there was of the other affair in the London 'Times'—a reliable paper, Susan: yet you know the result."

"Oh, my lady, but it is true now, beyond all doubt, that the wretched man is dead. People don't get over such attacks twice—the second time it is sure to be fatal—it was so in his case. His body was picked up by the 'Queen Charlotte.' Lord Montessor and Mr. Levering, the man whom Lord Montessor saved, swore to the identity, which was also further proved, if further proof had been necessary, by the papers found on his person, and by the marks on his clothes. His identity was proved and recorded, and he received Christian burial, in the presence of the whole ship's crew. Lord Montessor and Mr. Levering, among the others, saw his body committed to the deep."

While Susan spoke thus earnestly—solemnly—the ironical, insane incredulity of the listener was lost in conviction and awe. The face of the beautiful Estelle underwent a great and fearful change. She, so pale before, grew still paler, grew livid, while a blue circle darkened around her eyes; she seemed on the verge of swooning, but rallied her powers, and clinging to the arm of her chair for support, inquired in a husky, almost sepulchral voice:

"Is this true?"

"True as Gospel, dear lady; your mortal foe is dead."

"Then may the Lord have mercy on his soul! for he greatly needed mercy," said Lady Montessor, solemnly.

There was a pause of some half hour, during which Lady Montessor covered her face, and remained in deep thought and prayer, and then the lady spoke:

"Susan, you may take the walk I advised, and while you are out go down to the Ocean House, and see Miss Brande, and let her know that I have fully decided on taking the lease of the Headland, and that if she will have the documents drawn up to-day I will immediately conclude the business."

Susan looked disappointed and distressed, and did not move to obey.

Presently she said:

"Very well, madame, but pardon me, dear lady, dearest mistress, will not what I have just told you induce you to alter the resolution you have formed

of retiring from the world to that lonely sea-coast?"

"Why should it?"

"Dearest lady, pardon me—pardon one who loves you more than her own life, for speaking upon this subject; but remember now that you are free for ever from all possibility of annoyance from that haunting man; remember now that happiness is within your grasp."

"Susan, forbear!"

"Mistress, hear me! have mercy on yourself, and, above all, on him. Do not go to that lone, sea-coast house; stay here and wait for him; he has followed you across the sea, he will find you in a few days; see him, lady; listen to him; and then do as you will. Not the most ascetic monk, or nun, or the most puritanical pietist of any persuasion could venture to criticise your course, it has been, through all this trying time, so blameless. Nor could saint nor angel censure you now for receiving him. See him, hear him, lady. Oh, would to Heaven there were some wiser one than I am here to talk to you—some great, learned divine in whom you would have confidence. I, alas, am unlearned in theology, and my simple wisdom of the heart may be despised," said Susan, almost weeping.

"You know that is not so, my child. I would trust the 'simple wisdom' of your true heart as soon—ay, sooner than the opinion of the Archbishop of York. Is not your relation to me more nearly that of friend than of an attendant, Susan? Are you not in my confidence? Do I not often take counsel with you, child?"

"Yes, dear lady, but—if you would only this once take the benefit of my counsel," replied the girl with a latent dash of humour that respect for her unhappy mistress kept subdued.

"Susan, my good and loving child," began the lady in a mournful voice, "I will tell you, then, why I may not see Lord Montessor. True, the haunter of my days is dead,—but not dead is the dreadful memory that I had been his—'victim'—as good Mr. Oldfield mercifully termed it. True, also, that the law and the church not only acquitted, but vindicated me—not only pronounced me not guilty, but positively innocent; but that does not free me from the clinging degradation of having been tried upon a criminal charge. My peace is ruined, my fame blighted, my hopes blasted—I am a human wreck, a walking shadow, a living death—unfit to match with the vital glory of Charles Montessor's future. He is a man of brilliant genius. He is distinguished, and will be celebrated. Every successful man has hosts of bitter, carping, envious foes—vigilant, quick, cruel, in seizing, denouncing, and exposing any possible flaw in his life, character or circumstances. Shall such have power to say of Lord Montessor—'He married the "victim" of a French conspirator'—His wife was once a prisoner before Exeter Assizes? No, no! Oh, no! Merciful Heaven, no!"

"But, lady! sweetmistress! hear your poor Susan yet a little while longer. Suppose you let his lordship have a voice in deciding this matter, which concerns his happiness quite as much as it does yours. Suppose you let him say to you what we know he says to himself: 'I prize this precious hand of yours more highly than all that mankind could possibly lavish upon me. I should consider the loss of it a heavier calamity than the loss of the favour of the whole world'—what then?"

"Susan! Susan! sooner than join my dishonoured life to his most honoured one I would fly to the most savage extremities of the earth—yes, but for the grace of Him, sooner than that, I would leave the earth itself," she exclaimed, with passionate earnestness.

"Lady, lady, I will say no more," said Susan, beginning to weep—a sure resort with her when there was nothing else to be done.

Lady Montessor dropped her brow upon her hand again, and fell into deep thought for a few minutes, at the end of which she lifted her head and said:

"Susan, my child, you followed a generous but too hasty impulse in leaving home, and friends, and country, to share the fortunes of a blighted woman like myself. I was very wrong to permit you to do it. I should have seen this at the time, but that the very tumult and passion of my flight swamped every other thought. But it is not yet too late to repair the injury that has been done you."

"My lady! good heavens! what do you mean?" exclaimed Susan, clasping her hands in deprecation of what she felt was coming next.

"Susan, I can send you back to England."

"I have offended you! Oh, I have offended you! Forgive me, my lady, my dear, dearest lady!" cried Susan, wringing her hands.

"No, you have not, my girl; my poor girl. How could you offend me, Susan? Never did I value you

more highly than at this moment, when I talk of sending you from me, and it is for the very reason that I esteem you so much I wish to discharge you. I think of your future, Susan. If you leave me and return to England you will probably lead a cheerful, happy life, and in good time marry happily; while, if you accompany me to my sad retreat, what is before you but a dreary, solitary life, and an age of old-maidhood?"

"My lady, I haven't seen such joy among the married as ever to envy them, the dear knows! and, besides, I have always heard it said that a woman's life is in her affections, and I believe it. Now your poor Susan's affections centre upon you. It would break her heart to leave you. In a word, dear lady, if you were to order her to depart, she would for the first time in her life disobey you, and follow you until you gave her home-room or—in charge of the police!" said Susan, falling into that lurking humour, that under happier circumstances would have developed into wit. "Am I not a sort of protégée of your ladyship? Didn't you take me, a poor little bare-footed girl, out of a hillaide hovel, and didn't you dress me neatly and put me into your own park school? and didn't you encourage me week by week, and month by month, and year by year, to learn? And didn't you take me thence into your own service, and still stimulate me to improve my mind, and didn't you lend me books, and even direct my reading? And didn't you month by month, and year by year absorb more and more of my happier life into your own, until now I have no life without you? And do you now talk of casting me off? Forgive me, dear lady, I have spoken freely, I fear, also impudently, but I have spoken truly. I cannot leave you!"

Lady Montessor turned away her head to conceal the emotion that disturbed her countenance, and after a little while she said:

"Well, well! we will talk of this another time, Susan. Meanwhile, hurry down to the Ocean House and bring that young woman to me; the facts that you have imparted make it necessary to be expeditious."

With a deep sigh Susan arose, put on her straw bonnet with the thick, green veil, drew a black silk scarf closely around her sloping shoulders, and went quietly out upon her errand.

In two hours she returned, accompanied by Barbara Brande, young Willful, and a lawyer with the deed of lease.

Lady Montessor sat in her closely-curtained parlour, near a corner table, with her elbow on its top, and her head averted from what little light there was, and resting upon her hand, her long, black ringlets falling around, and throwing into deeper shadow the features of her beautiful face. And so she received the party.

Barbara Brande first approached, and saluting her respectfully, said that she had brought the lawyer with the lease, and her elder brother as a witness.

Lady Montessor slightly lifted her eyelids, acknowledged the presence of these others with a bow, and addressing Barbara, said:

"Let your attorney read the documents, Miss Brande—he need not come nearer, I can hear his voice from where he stands. Susan, place a chair for the gentleman—Miss Brande, sit near him, if you please."

Barbara retreated, and instructed the lawyer to begin.

The documents were read and approved. Then Barbara brought the articles and laid them upon the table before the lady for her signature.

Susan dipped a pen in ink and handed it to her mistress, who affixed her name to both documents, *Le Estel*.

Then the pen was passed to Barbara, who signed here, and next to Susan Copewood, who attached her firm autograph as first witness, and finally to young Willful Brande, who wrote his name as second witness.

The articles were then delivered, Lady Montessor receiving one copy and Barbara Brande the other. The payment for the first year was then tendered in advance, but Barbara preferred that the funds should be devoted to the repairs of the house, and that matter being amicably arranged, the business was completed. The lawyer rose to take his leave, and was permitted to do so; but when Barbara and her brother would have departed Lady Montessor made a sign desiring them to remain for a few moments.

Barbara returned and took the chair that had been placed for her accommodation by Susan. Willful seated himself modestly at some distance.

"You were a sufferer by the wreck of the unfortunate 'Mercury'?" said Lady Montessor, in a voice of deep commiseration.

"Madame, she was my father's vessel. When she

went down I lost my father, my brother, and my betrothed—all, all except these two boys, for whom I live."

"Brave girl, that you live for them!"

"Ah, madame, you know then, that sometimes in this world of ours it requires more courage to live than to die."

Lady Montessor essayed to speak, but only bowed; and after a short pause, slightly changed the subject by saying:

"But, Miss Brande, is not the career you have chosen a strange, trying life for a woman—especially a young and handsome woman?"

"Not when her name is Barbara Brande—not when she has been brought up on the sea and loves it—not when she is strong and courageous—not when fate, by striking her one stunning blow, has made her insensible to personal danger—not when a storm of grief has rendered her, by the strength of despair, fit to cope with all other storms—not when she has two brothers to establish in life, who, like all of her race, herself included, perhaps, are fit for nothing but the sea," said Barbara, earnestly.

"Pray forgive my interference; it is the interest with which you have inspired me, Miss Brande, that urges me to speak; but would it not be better to place your brothers, since they must learn navigation and seamanship, with some merchant captain in whom you have confidence, and then seek for yourself some more feminine occupation or interest on shore?"

"Madame, no; I cannot leave my boys, nor let them leave me—particularly for the sea. Besides, my life is not the life of other women; calamities like mine can never be forgotten."

"Do not say so; you are young yet; at your age, all misfortunes may be outlived and forgotten—except guilt or disgrace," added the lady, in a thrilling, passionate, solemn voice.

"Neither the one nor the other has ever approached our poor household, honoured madame, and never shall while Barbara Brande holds authority over it."

"You speak with great assurance, young woman. Know that it is not always in human power to ward off those heaviest of human ills."

"I speak, dear madame, with a faith in the Divine protection, as far from presumption on the one hand as it is from doubt on the other. The Lord prospers faithful endeavour. It is to ward off temptation from them that I choose to watch over my brothers. There is no human guardian like an elder sister, excepting, only, a mother."

"A mother," repeated Lady Montessor, sadly and thoughtfully, recurring, perhaps, to the fine London belle who had shuffled off her maternal cares and responsibilities upon a worthless French nurse and an unprincipled French governess; and whose dereliction from duty had been the origin of all her daughter's calamities.

"I lost mine at a very early age, yet ever since have I been the mother of my young brothers; and if ever I grow impatient of their boyish ways I have only to remember they are my dear mother's orphan children to bear with them cheerfully. The calling that I have chosen, for their sakes as well as my own, is not less befitting a woman than that of the stage, the counter, the bar, or any of the hundred ways by which poor women earn their bread, or support their families. That it requires more courage and firmness surely does not render it more unfit for woman: no woman will say that."

"No, no; it surely does not."

"I would rather," said Barbara, "work a ship through the fiercest tempest that ever a ship survived than stand before the footlights of a stage, face a mixed audience, and act out a part in a play, during a whole evening—as I find even cultivated women sometimes do in this city of yours. Why, I hear the old sea-captains down at the Ocean House criticising their personal points. My chosen life may be unfeminine, but it will not expose me to indignities," said Barbara.

"I have no more to say. We will rest the argument," said Lady Montessor.

Barbara arose to take leave.

"Stay, Miss Brande, if you please. I did not call you back for a fruitless talk. I understood you to say that your vessel would be your future home?"

"Yes, madame."

"Will it be your only one? Forgive the question, and answer it frankly as it is asked."

"It will."

"Then, Miss Brande, permit me—I know how deep the attachment one feels to her native home; I know how strong yours must be to the Headland. Myself and maid will take up but little room in that large house; therefore, when you return from your voyage, come there as heretofore; your two old servants will



still be there to serve you; come with your brothers, and make it your home as before."

"Madame, you are very good. Your most generous offer has taken me by surprise; and as well as I should like to accept it, I am not sure that it would be right for us to profit by your extraordinary kindness," said Barbara, with emotion.

"I do beseech you, my dear girl, not to hesitate, not to entertain the least scruple upon this subject. I assure you that your return to the Headland will be a personal satisfaction."

"Again I thank you from the depths of my heart, lady; but I cannot gain my own consent at once to take advantage of your kind offer. It would seem too selfish and grasping on my part."

"Take time, then, my dear girl; but remember this the while, that at all times the sight of your sail near the Headland, or your face within its doors, can bring nothing but pleasure to its lessee."

"I thank you earnestly, dear lady; and I promise you that whenever I return from a voyage, whether I spend much time with you or not, my sail shall be seen off the Headland, and my face within your doors," said Barbara, gratefully, and once more she had made a move to go.

"Stay yet a moment. I wish to depart immediately for that house."

"Before it is repaired, madame?"

"Yes, before it is repaired. If it were barely habitable for you and your brothers it is also habitable for me; and I can superintend the repairs on the spot. I suppose workmen can be found in the neighbourhood?"

"There is no neighbourhood, dear lady; but workmen can be had from the village of Eastville."

"Very well, that will answer my purpose. Now tell me, Miss Brande, do you know of any vessel about to sail that could take us there?"

"The 'Sea Mew' will sail to-morrow, with the first tide, for Havana. They have accommodation for passengers, but no passengers, I think. This a good ship. If you were ready to sail in her, Captain Brewster could put you on shore at the Headland."

"I will go if I can get a berth. Miss Brande, could you do me the great favour of letting your brother ascertain whether I can get one?"

"I have not the least doubt that you can secure a berth; but I will assure myself as to the fact from Captain Brewster himself, who boards at the Ocean House; and I will send Willful to let you know."

"I thank you very much."

"There is one thing I should tell you—two things, indeed: first, it is necessary that you should take a supply of provisions down with you, as there is no store nearer to the Headland than Eastville—secondly, that if you go at all, you should go on board to-night."

"I thank you for your careful instructions, Miss Brande, and shall endeavour to follow them."

"I will now take leave of you, lady, as no time should be lost in seeing Captain Brewster and securing a berth. Good-bye, madame."

"Good-bye for the present. If I go, I shall see you again this evening; if I do not go, I shall see you frequently during our stay."

"And if it should so happen that you should not obtain a passage in the 'Sea Mew,' madame, the 'Petrel' will sail in a week, and I should be very glad to have you, and could make you passably comfortable in my cabin."

"I thank you, Miss Brande; and indeed, but for the great haste I am in, I should much prefer to go with you. By the way, shall you stop at the Headland on your way down the Bay?"

"In any case, yes, madame, I shall be obliged to do so."

"Then if I am there in advance of you I shall be happy to receive you."

"I thank you, madame—now, indeed I must hasten away. Good-day, madame."

"Good-day, Miss Brande."

And declining Susan's attendance Barbara and her brother retired.

"Now, Susan, we must have all things in readiness, in case, as I expect, we shall be able to obtain a passage in the 'Sea Mew.' Pack up my trunks at once, girl, and afterward we can attend to those outdoor matters."

Susan obeyed, and the afternoon was so well spent in preparation that when, at sunset, Willful Brande presented himself with the information that the lady and her attendant could have a berth in the 'Sea Mew,' coupled with a request that they would come on board that night, because the vessel was to sail with the first tide in the morning, he found them in readiness to depart.

Willful Brande, by his sister's directions, offered his services to assist, called a carriage, helped the

travellers into it, and after seeing them off remained behind to load the dray with their baggage.

Barbara met her new friend on the wharf, and accompanied her on board the 'Sea Mew.'

They found the skipper, a bluff, hearty, gallant old sailor, waiting on the deck. He received his lady passenger with studied politeness, and handed her down into a comfortable cabin. And Barbara having seen the lady and her attendant fairly installed, took leave of them with the promise to stop at the Headland on her way down the Bay. In another hour, Willful Brande arrived with the dray containing the luggage, which was conveyed on board, and stowed away.

And the next morning, at sunrise, the 'Sea Mew,' having on board Lady Montessor and her maid, sailed for Havana.

The wind was fresh and fair, the weather fine, the water scenery grand, the whole circumstances animating, as holding out the prospect of a quick and pleasant voyage.

The lady and her attendant were provided with a state-room in the captain's cabin; that state-room had, through the care of Barbara, been neatly arranged—the berths covered with white counterpanes, and the window hung with a white muslin curtain. The cabin, through the courtesy of Captain Brewster, was given up almost exclusively to the use of his passengers.

But the sad Estelle passed the most of her time, both by day and by night, in sitting by the window of her state-room, looking out upon the heaving sea.

It was on the ninth day of the passage down the Bay, and just at sunset, that Captain Brewster came into the cabin and informed the lady that they were approaching Brande's Headland.

Estelle put on her bonnet and mantle, and followed by Susan, went up on deck, and looked out for her future home.

And there, a mile to the right, before them loomed the dark and dreary Headland, crowned with its ancient trees and half-ruined house.

Their baggage was already in the boat that was waiting to take them to the shore.

The captain assisted the lady and her maid to descend, and followed them into it, the oarsmen piled their oars, and in twenty minutes they reached the shore.

The captain handed his passengers to the beach, ordered the baggage to be taken out, and finally came to the lady, expressed his regret at her departure, bade her adieu, and re-entered his boat, which was rowed rapidly back to the ship.

And Estelle and her maid were left standing alone in the twilight on the beach.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE same evening Lord Montessor sat alone in his private apartment in the "City Hotel." He looked pale and worn. A month had passed since his arrival in Baltimore, and notwithstanding his utmost endeavour, he had discovered no clue to his lost bride. He had come to the conclusion that she had left the city, and this evening he had formed the resolution to leave the next morning for New York.

While thus he sat in moody silence, neglecting the evening paper that lay upon the table beside him, the door opened, and Gridley, his lordship's valet, presented himself.

Gridley was a grave, respectable-looking, middle-aged man, rather bald-headed and stout, clothed in black, and having quite the air of a high-church clergyman.

"Well, Gridley?"

"Well, my lord! I have most important information for your lordship," said his lordship's gentleman, pompously.

"Speak! what is it? Anything in regard to your lady?" exclaimed Lord Montessor, rising anxiously.

"Yes, my lord! If ever I saw Lady Montessor in my life, I saw her ladyship come out of a house and enter a carriage to-night."

"At what hour? Where? Speak, man, in the name of Heaven!"

"From number ten—Street."

"You are sure?"

"As the carriage drove off and the people who had opened the house door for her ladyship went in and shut it I ran up the steps and took the number."

"And then?"

"I ran down again as fast as I could and went after the carriage at the height of my speed. But though I ran so fast, the carriage, which was driven very rapidly, distanced me, and rolled out of my sight."

"Did you mark the direction the carriage took?"

"Toward the wharves, my lord."

"At what hour was this?"

"About half-past eight, your lordship."

"You are sure the house from which she went was—"

"Number ten—Street, my lord, assuredly."

"Go call a cab."

The valet bowed and at once withdrew to obey.

Lord Montessor exchanged his dressing-gown for a close-bodied coat, took his hat and gloves, and in three minutes—by the time that Mr. Gridley put his head into the door to announce the cab—he was ready to enter it.

He took out his watch.

"It is now half-past ten; a late hour to make a call, but under present circumstances I cannot afford to be fastidious. I shall ascertain if she lives in that house, and if not, where she lives," thought his lordship, as he took his seat in the carriage.

"Where shall I go, sir?" asked the cabman.

"Number ten—Street," said Lord Montessor.

A drive of half an hour brought them to the house, Lord Montessor alighted and looked at his watch; it was now eleven o'clock. He looked at the house; every window was darkened, every room silent, every inmate apparently asleep. He was very much disappointed.

He had hoped to have reached the house some fifteen minutes earlier, and that some fortunate chance, such as an evening party, an absent inmate, a late guest, or any among the thousand and one daily events that happen to keep a family up at night, might have occurred this evening.

He was, as I said, very much disappointed. He could almost have found it in his heart to call up the household to put to them the questions upon which he felt as if his fate depended. But this he knew, however desirable, was totally inadmissible. Ah! had he known the vital importance of these passing previous hours he would have roused the family!

As it was, he said to himself that he was weakly and culpably impatient—that a few hours could make no difference, that the morning was altogether the more proper time for making his meditated call and inquiry; and so determining, he re-entered the cab and gave the order:

"Back to the hotel."

At ten o'clock the next morning Lord Montessor entered a hack and drove to the house in—Street. Without waiting for the hackman's ring to be answered, he alighted and went up the steps, and reached the portico just as a man-servant opened the door.

"Is Lady Montessor in?" was the diplomatic question of his lordship.

"Lady Montessor does not live here, sir," answered the negro.

"Can you tell me where she does live?"

"I cannot, sir."

"Send (Lord Montessor glanced up at the name on the door-plate) Mrs. Brownloe here."

"Yes, sir; walk in, and take a seat, sir. What name shall I take up, sir?"

"Say a gentleman."

"Yes, sir."

The man disappeared, leaving Lord Montessor seated in the drawing-room. And presently the mistress of the house entered. She was a tall, stout, middle-aged woman, soberly attired in grey.

"Mrs. Brownloe, I inform," said Lord Montessor, rising, and setting a chair for the lady.

"Yes, sir."

"Lord Montessor, madame," said his lordship, announcing himself.

"Ah! Resume your seat, my lord. You sent for me?"

"Yes, madame. I called, if you please, to make inquiry of a lady who left your house in a carriage, last evening, at half-past eight o'clock."

"Oh, you mean Mrs. Estel?"

"Estelle! Estelle!" exclaimed Lord Montessor to himself—then aloud—"Yes, madame; I speak of Mrs. Estel."

"Oh, she left us, as you said, yesterday evening."

"I should be very grateful to be informed whether she went, madame?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't the least idea in the world. I think she left the city, however."

"Perhaps some member of your family may be better informed."

"Oh, no, I know they are not; because I had some curiosity to know where the lady went, and I made inquiries; no one could satisfy me; all they knew was the direction that the maid gave the hackman, and that the boy who had charge of the luggage afterwards gave the drayman."

"And that was—?"

"Light Street Wharf, sir."

"And that is all the intelligence you can give me?"

"All, sir; I am sorry it is so meagre; you are interested in the lady?"

"Yes, madame. I thank you very sincerely for the information you have given me. Good-morning, madame," said his lordship, not feeling disposed to be questioned in his turn, and rising to take leave.

"To Light Street Wharf," was the next order given to the hackman as he re-entered the carriage.

And to Light Street Wharf he was driven.

On arriving at the spot he alighted, and walked about among watermen, porters, sailors, labourers, and all the miscellaneous crowd of the docks, and addressing an old skipper he inquired what vessels had left the wharf since eight the preceding evening.

"The only ship as has left this port at all, capting, is the 'Sea-Mew,' Captain Brewster, as sailed from this wharf at sunrise this morning, bound for Havana," replied the accurate old sailor.

"Had she passengers?"

"More'n I can tell you, capting."

Leaving Mr. Gridley to mingle among the sailors at the wharf, and find out whether the "Sea Mew" had carried passengers, and whether those passengers were females, Lord Montresor once more re-entered his carriage and drove back to the hotel to await the result.

It was late in the afternoon when Gridley presented himself before his master.

"Well, Gridley?" said his lordship, anxiously.

"Well, my lord, I have ascertained that two females, answering to the description of Lady Montresor and her attendant, at nine o'clock last evening embarked on board the 'Sea Mew,' bound for the West Indies."

"Ah, then I have her again; but it is certain that the lady was bound for the West Indies."

"Yes, my lord, certainly," replied the valet, falling into a very natural mistake.

"Was the information you obtained to be relied upon?"

"Without doubt, my lord, since it was from the hackman that took her ladyship from — Street to the ship, and from the drayman who conveyed her ladyship's baggage to the wharf, and from the porters who assisted in its transportation to the vessel—all of whom I hunted down and questioned, my lord."

"You have done your duty well, and I thank you, Gridley. Did you, by the way, happen to hear of any other vessel soon to sail for the West Indies?"

"No, my lord."

"Hand me the evening paper."

Gridley gave his master the "News."

Lord Montresor turned to the Marine Intelligence, and ran his eye down the list, muttering:

"For Liverpool, um—for Havre, um—um—for New Orleans, um—um—for Havana—here we have it! For Havana, the 'Petrel,' Branda master, to sail on the first of October. This is the twenty-fifth of September. Gridley, we sail for Havana in a week—be ready."

"Yes, my lord."

(To be Continued.)

## SCIENCE.

### NEW COPYING INK.

THE best kinds of copying ink are usually prepared by adding a few per cent. of alum to an extract of logwood of 10 deg., or to a decoction of the same; and then, to improve its copying power, some sugar and glycerine, or table salt is added. Such inks have a violet tint, are purple when first written with, and gradually darken on the paper. The copies taken from them are at first very pale, and only slowly darken.

Professor Gintl states that a new kind of Parisian copying ink has been recently introduced into Germany, which differs from those previously in use in having, while liquid, a more or less yellowish red colour; but on paper it rapidly turns blue, and immediately produces a distinct blue-black copying-ink. Moreover, it remains liquid a long time, while ordinary violet ink soon gets thick and has sediment in it; this kind copies easily and perfectly.

Experiments and attempts to make this ink lead to the following result, which indicates the method of its manufacture: A logwood extract of 10 deg. B. has added to it 1 per cent. of alum, and then enough lime water to form a permanent precipitate. This mass is then treated with a solution of chloride of lime (bleaching powder), just enough being added to

impart to it a distinct blue-black colour, after which dilute muriatic acid is added drop by drop until a distinctly red solution is produced. To this solution is added a little gum, and a half of 1 per cent. of glycerine.

The preparation thus obtained has all the properties of the Parisian copying ink. It is evident that the small quantity of chloride of calcium, formed by this process, greatly increases the copying power of the ink; while the exceedingly slight excess of free hydrochloric acid causes the ink to remain liquid by holding in solution the lime and alumina lakes of logwood. When the writing dries, the acid gradually escapes or is neutralised by the trace of alkali in the paper, so that the blue-black is left. It is evident that any considerable excess of muriatic acid must be avoided, as also the use of too much chloride of lime solution.

**COLOURING METALS.**—Metals may be coloured quickly and cheaply by forming on their surface a coating of a thin film of a sulphide. In five minutes brass articles may be coated with any colour, varying from gold to copper red, then to carmine, dark red, and from light aniline blue to a blue-white, like sulphide of lead, and at last a reddish white, according to the thickness of the coat, which depends on the length of time the metal remains in the solution used. The colour possesses a very good lustre, and if the articles to be coloured have been previously thoroughly cleaned by means of acids and alkalis, they adhere so firmly that they may be operated upon by the polishing steel. To prepare the solution, dissolve one half-ounce of hyposulphite of soda in one pound of water, and add one half ounce of acetate of lead dissolved in half a pound of water. When this clear solution is heated to from 190° to 200° Fah., it decomposes slowly, and precipitates sulphide of lead in brown flakes. If metal be now present, a part of the sulphide of lead is deposited thereon, and, according to the thickness of the deposited sulphide of lead, the above colours are produced. To produce an even colouring, the articles must be evenly heated. Iron treated with this solution takes a steel-blue colour; zinc a brown colour; in the case of copper objects, the first gold colour does not appear; lead and zinc are entirely different. If, instead of the acetate of lead, an equal weight of sulphuric acid is added to the hyposulphite of soda, and the process carried on as before, the brass is covered with a very beautiful red, which is followed by a green (which is not in the first scale of colours mentioned above), and changes finally to a splendid brown with green and red iris glitter. This last is, according to the "American Art Journal," a very durable coating, and may find special attention in the manufactures, especially as some of the others are not very permanent. Very beautiful marble designs can be produced by using a lead solution, thickened with gum tragacanth on brass which has been heated to 210° Fah., and is afterwards treated by the usual solution of sulphide of lead. It may be used several times.

**GEOLOGY OF LAKE TAHOE AND VICINITY.**—The region about this lake seems to be an exceedingly interesting one. On the east side, near Carson City, are several hot springs with water at temperatures of 111 deg. Fah. to 120 deg. The formation is quarternary. There are several gold mines on the east side of the lake, in quartz and granite, and several shafts have been sunk. In some of these mines copper minerals are also found. At the northern end of the lake is a peak called Mount Rose, 10,822 feet high. There are two other outcrops of igneous rocks on the east summit, one of which is called Shakespear's Cliff, from the grouping of lichens on one side which resemble that famous dramatist. The other is called Cave Rock. The lake itself is 21 miles long and 12 broad at the widest part. Its depth near the south end is 900 feet, and increases to 1,645 near the north end. The temperature of the water is 54 deg. Fah. It lies 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the west side are mineral springs whose waters contain carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen gases, and have a temperature of 46 deg. Fah. They are bottled and sent to Carson City. On the same side are some ridges and peaks. Evidences of ancient glacials are abundant. One of these old glaciers were equal to the Mer de Glace. The paths of several others are marked by moraines. In the neighbourhood are some small lakes, the basins of which may have been dug out by glaciers. At the southwestern side is a bed of graphite. Echo Lake, near by, is so called because there is no echo there. North of the lake is a hot spring, the water of which has a temperature of 132 deg. Fah. Dr. Newberry made a few remarks on this interesting phenomenon of a deep cold lake on the top of a mountain, and the probability of its being the result of glacial action.

**ADULTERATION.**—A Rotterdam firm has been recently offering finely ground gypsum to various millers in the province of Hanover. To detect such frauds Vohl mixes 10 grains of flour with 20 grains of potash saltpetre, places the mixture in a platinum vessel, and ignites with a red-hot platinum wire. If the flour is pure the pale green melted mass dissolves almost entirely in water, and the solution, scarcely turbid, gives no precipitate with hydrochloric acid, which, if it appears, indicates the presence of silicates. The acidulated solution should give with barium chloride merely a slight turbidity. A decided precipitate indicates the presence of sulphate of lime or of baryta.

**A NEW ENGINE OF WARFARE.**—Mr. W. H. Lewis, of the Hafod, Swansea, has invented a new engine of warfare, which will be very likely to attract the attention of the War Office as an appliance calculated to place its possessor in an advantageous position over an opponent. It consists of a cannon so arranged as to discharge a sharp sword-blade cross-wise in the direction of the enemy, the knife or cutter being so poised in its career through the air as to cover the whole space in a longitudinal direction described by the blade itself. An 8-inch ball would carry a sword 14 feet in length 600 yards, literally mowing down every human obstacle in its path.

## THE CAPTAIN'S CHASE.

"BUT Mr. Sereleaf is old enough to be —"

"A very good husband for you," broke in Clara's uncle, at the height of a warm dispute between them touching the several merits of a pair of suitors of that young lady.

"Old enough to be my father, I was going to say," resumed Clara, "but grandfather would be nearer the truth."

"Zounds, girl, you're enough to provoke a saint, let alone a crusty sea-dog not used to bandying words with mutineers," broke out the uncle. "I tell you a man needs age and experience to take charge of a skittish craft like you. Sereleaf is a man of soberness and substance. I only wonder, with his prudence and experience, at his seeking such a risk. When I was captain of the 'Hope' he was my owner, and —"

"That's a good reason, I suppose, why he should be mine," interrupted Clara, giving her pretty head a saucy toss.

"Avast there!" boomed over her uncle. "An old salt, with his weather eye open, isn't easily hoodwinked; and you and that young lubber, Owen Forbes, may as well understand first as last that any man but Silas Sereleaf takes you to wife without a penny. If I should die without a will, as I had intended doing—when my time comes—all I have, of course, would go to you, as my next of kin. But mark me, if you cross my wishes here I'll call in a lawyer, though I detest the whole tribe like so many pirates, and leave my entire fortune to—Davy Jones himself sooner than you and that milkop shall finger a penny of it."

Clara, rising indignantly, flung out of the room, banging the door behind her.

Leaving Clara and her uncle to cool, let us introduce them to the reader.

The latter, Captain Mainyard, after passing many years in the merchant service, retired to enjoy a rich estate left to him and his brother Oliver (or the survivor of them, if either died before the testator), by a wealthy distant relative.

Oliver Mainyard, Clara's father, was one of the officers of a ship, which, after sailing for a foreign port, was never heard of more, her fate remaining one of the secrets of the sea to be revealed when the time comes for giving up its dead.

So, when the rich relation died, the captain alone was left to take the handsome fortune bequeathed in the manner we have stated.

The orphaned Clara, who, while yet an infant, had lost her mother, found a welcome home in the house of her gruff old uncle, who, being a bachelor and likely to remain so, treated her as his adopted child and prospective heiress.

And right happily the two dwelt together till such time as the captain insisted on Clara's bestowal of her hand on his old employer, Silas Sereleaf, and her rejection of the suit of Owen Forbes, when she mutinied outright.

They had argued the point over and over again with heat and temper. But when the captain, in a fit of passion, threatened to make a will and cut her off—a thing he never would have the heart to do—that settled it; and when Clara flung out of the room, as it was seen, it was with her mind made up to



marry Owen Forbes in spite of fate and all the uncles in the world.

"The jade, I see, has the family spirit in her," growled the captain to himself. "Jove! I must keep a sharp look out, or she'll cut away with that fellow the first time my back's turned."

For several days he stuck to the house, like a sentinel on post, keeping close watch on all comers and goers.

But the duty began to grow irksome and the captain's caution to relax; so one afternoon he stepped over to spend half-an-hour with an old friend with whom he was accustomed now and then to talk over bygone days.

As is their wont on such occasions the moments sped swiftly, and before the captain knew it he half hour had doubled itself.

Catching up his hat he hastened home. It was growing dark when he reached the door, where the housemaid met him.

"Is tea ready?" inquired the captain.

"It is, an' waitin', sir."

"Did my niece come down?"

"Miss Clarry's gone out, sir."

"Gone out!" cried the captain, in alarm—"when?"

"Nigh on an hour ago," replied Biddy. "A young gentleman come with a kerriage and took her away."

"Wh—what direction did they take?" gasped the astounded captain.

"Straight down the street, sir," was the answer.

The captain waited to hear no more. Having little experience in horses he kept none of his own. He called Dick, the man-servant, but getting no answer he ran to the nearest livery-stable himself, and ordering the best turnout to be had, set off in the direction pointed out by Biddy, offering a rich inducement to the driver to spread every stitch of sail the craft could carry.

Much precious time was lost before getting fairly on the track of the fugitives, who by this time had a good hour and a half the start.

It was bright moonlight, and the driver kept a keen lookout for the craft ahead, of which he had obtained a full description.

"Hullo!" at last he shouted; "the game's ours. The other coach stands before the door of the next house."

"Run in and anchor along side," replied the captain, "and set me ashore without delay."

A moment more and he was hurrying up the steps of a sober-looking mansion, whose open door he entered unannounced, and rushing into a lighted parlour opening on the hallway, he caught sight of a group evidently in the act of going through the marriage service.

The uniting pair had their backs towards him, but he recognised his niece's dress, and the guilty man no doubt was Owen Forbes.

"—let not man put asunder!" were the words the captain was just in time to catch.

"But I will put them asunder!" roared the late captain, planting himself between the minister and the newly wedded pair, and turning fiercely to confront the latter.

He started with astonished look. It was his man Dick, and Susan, his niece's maid.

"Confound you both!" he cried. "So I've been fooled into this wild-goose chase to clear the coast for my precious niece and her trumpery lover; but I'll be in time to baffle them yet!"

And hastening back to the coach he jumped up, and ordered the driver to "bout ship," and take all sail homeward.

It was a late hour when the captain reached his abode. He was surprised to find the house open, and more so, on entering, to find his niece and Owen Forbes as smiling and composed as though nothing had happened to incur his sore displeasure.

While seeking words to vent his anger, the captain's eye fell on a figure he had not before observed.

One quick glance, and he sprang forward and clasped in his arms the form that rose to meet him.

"My brother!" was all he could articulate. "My poor, lost Noll!"

And sure enough it was Clara's father, who had not been drowned after all, but cast away on a savage island whence he had at last been rescued.

"Welcome home, dear brother, and to your share of the fortune left us years ago," continued the captain. "As for your daughter, here, I turn her over to your management. I can't say much for the success of mine."

"Why, do you know, replied the other, "I was just in time to prevent her running away?"

"I'm glad you did prevent her."

"You see," said Clara's father, "I told her as she would marry my old friend Tom Forbes's son there was no need of running away to do it."

Susan and Dick, we should explain, had been engaged for a twelvemonth, and hadn't the slightest objection to running off and getting married to oblige their young mistress by drawing off the captain on a false chase. A.B.

## KNIVES AND FORKS.

We often laugh at the Chinese and their chopsticks, or small, thin sticks of wood or ivory with which they eat, and fancy they must make very dirty work at their meals, yet they are cleanly and civilised compared with the habits of our ancestors some three hundred years ago. Then forks were unknown: each man had his own knife, and at dinner seized the joint with his hand and cut off what he wished; the dish was then passed on to the next, who did the same. The knife then cut up the portions into small pieces, which were put into the mouth by the fingers of the hand unoccupied by the knife.

In many parts of Spain at present drinking-glasses, spoons and forks are rarities; and in taverns in some countries, particularly in some towns of France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person has one of his own, a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person will any longer eat without forks, landlords are obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons. None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry VII.; all, high and low, used their fingers. Hence, in the royal households, there was a dignitary called the ewery, who, with a set of subordinates, attended at the meals with basins, water, and towels. The office of ewery survived after forks came partially into fashion.

We learn that when James I. entertained the Spanish ambassador at dinner, very shortly after his accession, "their majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towel being presented to the King by the Lord Treasurer, and to the Queen by the Lord High Admiral." The Prince of Wales had a ewer to himself, which was after him used by the ambassador. About the first royal personage in England who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth, but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. Forks came so slowly into use in England that they were employed only by the higher classes in the middle of the seventeenth century.

About the period of the Revolution, 1688, few English noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few of iron or steel. At length, for general use, steel forks became an article of manufacture at Sheffield. At first they had but two prongs, and it was only in later times that the three-pronged kind were made. As late as the early part of the eighteenth century table forks—and we may add knives—were kept on so small a scale by country inns in Scotland (and perhaps in some parts of England), that it was customary for gentlemen travelling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case.

The general introduction of silver forks into Great Britain is quite recent; it can be dated no further back than the termination of the French war in 1814.

## MOUNT CARMEL DESTROYED BY A TORNADO.

THE town of Mount Carmel, Illinois, has been visited by a terrible tornado, which laid nearly the entire place in ruins. About 20 business houses and 100 residences were either destroyed or badly damaged by the fury of the gale, and by the fires which broke out at various points. The storm came from the southwest, and, from its track, seems to have been a cyclone travelling at an estimated velocity of 150 miles per hour. During its prevalence the air was filled with flying roofs, lumber, clothing, etc., some of the debris being carried miles away. Thirteen persons are reported killed, many others injured, and some seventy families were rendered homeless. The loss of property is said to amount to nearly £100,000. No warning whatever was afforded of the approach of the storm. It seems to have struck the town and to have passed over it within two minutes, preceding a heavy rainfall.

## GLORIA; OR, MARRIED IN RAGE.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

"Oh, Madame Gloria! I've done bragging. I'll never brag any more. I did pray to my guardian angel if he'd only save my life and reason until I could get out of that place I would never brag any more," exclaimed Philippa, with a hysterical laugh, as she dropped on one of the rude oak benches in the hall.

"Oh, Philippa, don't speak so lightly of that awful—" cried Gloria, suddenly stopping and covering her pallid face with both hands as she, too, sank upon a seat.

"Lightly?"—Gracious Heaven! I don't speak lightly! All my boasted courage has come out in a cold sweat that trickles like ice water all down my spine. Madame Gloria, I would rather have seen the blackest evil spirit from the abyss, all alone at midnight, than that horrid—Ugh-h-h!"

"Philippa, for Heaven's sake, don't speak of it now, or even any more. You are a brave girl."

"I will never say so after this. I'm conquered quits," shuddered the wilful creature.

"You have seen what would have shaken the nerves of the boldest man; it is no wonder that you are overcome as well as myself. But, Philippa, I beg you, for my sake, never mention to a human being what we have seen below. If it was once known what our eyes have beheld!—what rises from the brink of that subterranean black river—the horror below the foundation of these walls—no living being could be induced to remain in the house with us."

"Shall you remain?" whispered Philippa, in a tone of wonder.

"Yes."

"Oh, why?"

"Because I said I would, and I should be ashamed to retract. I will not be ejected, even by that appalling—Oh, let us not speak of it, even to each other. And never, never to any one else. Your aunt would never come near the house, even by day, if she knew of that dire presence below, and I wish her to remain with us, Philippa. I say 'us,' because I feel sure that you will stay with me."

"Yes, I will stay and I will keep the secret," whispered the girl.

"The cellar and the horrible cave below it, with the black river, have long been disused, if ever, indeed, they were used at all. I will have the two doors at the head of the two flights of stairs leading down to the abyss nailed up to-day. Two foul air from below will be excuse enough."

"There be some that cannot be kept out by locks, or bolts, or bars, or nailed-up doors—no, nor even by tons of stone and earth. And of such was what we saw."

"Oh, hush, hush, hush! Why do you dwell upon that? Oh, that we both could drink of the waters of Lethe and forget it!" whispered Gloria, as she covered her face with her hands and shuddered.

At this moment a lucky interruption ended their dismal conversation.

Mrs. Brent came walking briskly from one of the side rooms, saying:

"Come, now, ma'am, dinner is ready—not such a dinner as I hope to set before you every day for the future, but just such a one as I could get up under the circumstances to-day."

"I have no doubt it will be delicious and just what we like. As for me, I prefer what are called 'picked up dinners'—simple little dishes. The sight of big joints takes away my appetite," said Gloria, as she arose and followed her conductress into the room from which the latter had emerged.

It was the front room on the left-hand side of the hall—a large room, with an oak floor uncarpeted, stone walls unplastered, two tall front windows, uncurtained, and a broad fireplace, where blazed a rousing, fragrant fire of pine and cedar wood.

An oaken table, covered with a coarse, clean, white cloth, stood in the middle of the room, set for dinner; two oaken chairs were placed for the master and mistress of the house.

David Lindsay stood before the fire, but on seeing Gloria, came forward to meet her.

"You look pale and worried," he said, as he took her hand.

"Yes, I have been going over the house and I feel tired," she replied.

"And hungry, I hope, to do justice to the dainty repast Mrs. Brent has prepared for us," he added, as he led her to the table and drew out her chair.

"Now come, Mrs. Brent and Philippa, you must both sit down and dine with us to-day. Don't let

it be said that we had to take our dinner alone on the first day of our arrival at home," said Gloria.

David Lindsay immediately arose and placed two more chairs at the table.

"Oh, we couldn't think of it, ma'am, indeed!" answered the housekeeper, drawing away.

Gloria urged and David pleaded, but Mrs. Brent persisted in her refusal, until at length Gloria got up and left the table, saying:

"Very well, then, I will not eat a single morsel of dinner until you and Phil join us."

"Oh, I'll submit at once," laughed Philippa, taking one of the vacant chairs.

"Do, Mrs. Brent, humour the fancy of our wilful little lady," said David Lindsay, as he arose and placed his hand on the back of another chair, inviting the old woman to take it.

"You are a couple of spoiled children, that's what you are, and you ought both to be at school instead of being married, and that is the fact," laughed the housekeeper, as, not really unwillingly, she took her place at the table with the genial young pair.

"Now that is settled. The precedent—don't they call it a precedent in the courts of law, David?—the precedent is established. Henceforth you are to take your meals with us, dear Mrs. Brent, just as if you were our mother, and Philippa were our sister; for we have neither mother nor sister on this earth—I mean David nor I—and, besides, really we four are too few to be separated in this lonesome place," said the little lady of the house, as she settled herself to enjoy her dinner as well as she could under the circumstances and the memory of the afternoon's horror.

It was a very limited dinner, consisting of just what was at hand and could be cooked in a hurry; but it was a very dainty dinner, notwithstanding; there were delicious broiled venison steaks, light biscuits, fresh butter, a baked custard, preserved mountain cherries, tea, coffee and cream.

David Lindsay and Mrs. Brent fully appreciated the good things, and proved that they did so.

But neither Gloria nor Philippa could so far overcome the effect of that ghastly terror in the cave as to relish anything that was set before them.

As this late meal was to serve as both dinner and supper for the small household on this day of bustle, they sat rather long at the table, not leaving it, in fact, until the short tallow candles that had been placed upon it began to burn low in their sockets. Then David Lindsay and Gloria withdrew from the dining-room, and went into the parlour on the opposite side of the hall.

There, also, a fine fire was burning, and a table was drawn up before the hearth, flanked by two straight-backed, chip-bottomed chairs.

"What would Miss Agrippina De Crespiigny say if she could have seen her niece, the Countess Gloria, sitting down at the table with her housekeeper?" inquired David Lindsay, with a smile, as they seated themselves near the fire.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, drop that. I never was intended for a fine lady, David Lindsay—never—much less for a countess. I love people, David Lindsay. I never want to keep them at a distance. I want to draw them closer to me," she murmured, in a tender tone, with her eyes fixed dreamily upon the fire.

"Then love me, draw me nearer to you, and my life's devotion shall be yours," was in his heart and almost on his lips to say; but he put away the selfish thought and continued silent.

It was growing late, and they were both very tired.

Gloria was the first to rise.

"Good-night, David Lindsay," she said, as she took one of the tallow candles from the chimney shelf to light her steps.

"Good-night," he answered, in gentle tones.

"Your room," she resumed, and then she hesitated, holding the candle in her hand and looking down on the floor—"your room is the one over the dining-room. You will find everything prepared there for your comfort."

"I thank you—very much," answered the young man, in a low and broken voice.

"Good-night," she said, still hesitating.

"Good-night, lady dear."

"Heaven—bless—you, David Lindsay," she added, faltering.

"And you, too. Heaven bless you, Gloria," he answered.

She went out of the room; but as she turned to shut the door she caught sight of his face. It wore a look of sorrow, such as he never would have willingly permitted her to see; and suddenly she sat down her candle on the hall bench, ran back into the room, threw her arms around his neck and kissed his forehead, sobbing forth the words:

"Oh, David Lindsay, I am so sorry—so sorry!

But I can't help it. Indeed I can't, dear David Lindsay!"

With a look of ineffable tenderness, he put his arm around her waist and drew her close to his heart, and would have returned his kiss, but she suddenly broke from him and ran out of the room. She caught up her candle from the hall table, flew upstairs to her own chamber, shut the door, and flung herself down on the bed in a passion of tears.

"Oh-h-h! what a hard, cold, proud wretch I am! What a cruel, wicked, unnatural monster! But I cannot help it! I cannot! I don't want to be married—I do not! I love David Lindsay! I do love him, dearly, dearly, dearly; I always did love him better than anyone else in the whole world. Ah! who is so good and grand as he is, within himself? No one that I ever saw in this world. No one that I ever read of. But I don't want to be anybody's wife! Oh, I wish I had stayed at the Sacred Heart, with the sisters there!"

She was interrupted in her passionate vehemence of self-reproaches and lamentations by the sound of light footsteps and cheerful voices approaching her door, and finally by a rapping at the same.

She arose, composed herself as well as she could, and went and opened to Mrs. Brent and Philippa, who had come to bid her good-night, and to ask if she would need anything more before they should retire to bed.

Gloria thanked them, and said that she would require nothing.

"And if you should, you have only to knock on the door between us to let me know, for you see our room is just back of yours here," added the housekeeper.

"I will remember," replied Gloria, in a low tone.

"I suppose Mr. Lindsay will not want anything. I reckon he'll be up before long. I left him sitting before the big parlour fire," remarked Mrs. Brent.

"I daresay," answered Gloria, so wearily that the housekeeper bade her good-night and retired, followed by Philippa, who, since their fearful adventure in the cavern under the cellar, had been strangely silent and reserved.

Gloria looked her door leading into the hall and bolted the one leading into the rear room occupied by the housekeeper.

Then she replenished her fire from a box of wood that sat on one side of the hearth, and also threw on a number of resinous pine knots and cones, so that their bright blaze might light up the large, gloomy chamber.

Having done this, she proceeded to examine her room more carefully than she had yet done.

It was one of the two front and principal bedrooms in the house, being immediately above, and of the same dimensions with the "big parlour" below.

And, with the exception of the bed, which, in all its appointments, was very good, it was as rudely furnished. The walls and floor were perfectly bare. The windows were without curtains or shades, but were provided with unpainted oak shutters which closed from the outside.

These two front windows faced the east; between them stood an old oaken chest of drawers surmounted by a hanging mirror, so mildewed as to be scarcely useful.

Each side of this old piece of furniture stood a high-backed, chip-bottomed chair, one under each window.

On the south side of the room was the broad open fire-place, with deep closets in the recesses on the right and left.

On the west side was the high four-post bedstead, with its head against the partition wall, and its foot opposite the windows. On the side nearest the fireplace was the door leading into the rear room.

On the north side was the door opening into the hall. In the corner between this hall door and the head of the bed was an old-fashioned piece of furniture of black walnut that reached from the lofty ceiling to the floor, and might have been a bookcase, a clothes-press, a cabinet, or the three in one; for the long, heavy black doors hanging open disclosed closets within closets, and shelves and drawers and pigeon-holes innumerable, and all shapes and sizes. Yellow papers protruded from many compartments.

Gloria made up her mind to investigate this ancient secretary at her leisure the next day.

Then, having offered up her evening prayers and thanksgivings, she went to bed, and, notwithstanding care and anxiety, she soon fell asleep.

David Lindsay sat long over the fire in the big parlour; not until all the household had been for hours in deep repose did he rouse himself to go up to the chamber allotted to him over the dining-room.

This was a large square room, in all respects a counterpart of the one on the opposite side of the

hall occupied by Gloria. It was furnished in the same rude style.

The only difference was that this room was without the huge, old escritoire, or secretary, that stood in the other.

David Lindsay did not replenish his fire. It was nearly out, so he covered it up, blew out his snuff of candle, and retired to bed; but not to sleep—at least, for a long time.

He was as nearly broken-hearted, poor fellow, as any youthful lover ever was. His pride was struggling with the sense of disappointment, humiliation and sorrow that seemed to be rushing him into despair.

He felt sure that if his capricious but tender bride knew the tithe of his sufferings she would give herself to him; but not to her pity could he bear to owe her love. He must accept his fate rather than lose his self respect; he must see her in safety and then depart.

But how to secure her safety? That was the question that kept him awake so long.

At length, weary mind and body succumbed to sleep.

Then a very strange thing happened. How long he had slept he knew not; at what time he awoke, or whether he really did awake, or only dreamt, he never could tell; but it seemed to him that he was roused from a deep and dreamless sleep by the touch of a soft hand on his face, and the tone of a soft voice in his ear.

"Who is there?" he murmured, only half conscious.

The sweet, low-toned, pathetic voice answered: "It is I, your mother. David Gryphyn, arise, go hence, get to your home. My mother has somewhat to say to you."

The soft voice, breathing flute-like over him, held his soul in a spell of silence and repose until it ceased.

Then, wondering, he started up as from a dream.

The room was perfectly dark, but he groped his way to the mantelpiece, where he had left the tallow candle and the box of matches, and he struck a light.

And, still in great agitation, he went to both the chamber doors—the one leading into the hall, and the one leading into the rear room—and examined them. They were both securely locked and bolted, as he had left them.

Then he went to the front windows, hoisted them, and threw open the heavy oaken shutters. A flood of light burst into the room. He found, to his surprise that it was broad day and the sun was rising.

Sunshine flowed into the room, filling it with dazzling light. Yet David Lindsay, after having opened the shutters and let down the window-sashes, stood in the middle of the floor, gazing down like one still half entranced, with the impression of that soft touch still on his brow and the melody of that tender voice still in his ear.

"Was it a dream?" he murmured to himself. "Could it have been a dream? No dream I ever had was ever so like reality. Or could some dreaming sleep-walker have entered my chamber and saluted me? Impossible! Yet, let me examine the door once more."

He roused himself and went again to investigate the fastenings on the only two outlets from his room—the first leading into the hall, and the second into the rear room.

He found them both securely locked and bolted, and, moreover, the locks and bolts were both so strong and so rusty that they required some considerable exertion to move them.

No one could have entered through the doors, that was certain.

He looked into both closets that flanked the fireplace, but the bare, plastered walls and oaken shelves afforded no opportunity of concealment or of passage.

Every other nook and corner of the room was clearly visible in the bright sunshine. Even the space under the high bedstead was a vista.

The plastered walls of the room, like those of the closets, gave no chance of a sliding panel for entrance or exit through a secret passage.

Nor could anyone have come in or gone out through the windows, which, besides having been securely fastened with oaken shutters secured by strong and rusty iron hooks and bolts, were full fifty feet above the ground, with a sheer descent of stone wall below them, and no tree, or vine, or porch, or balcony to assist a climber.

No! it was utterly and entirely impossible that any human being, beside himself, could have been concealed in the room when he went to bed, or could have entered it afterwards.

And yet he had been awakened from a deep and dreamless sleep by a light touch on his forehead, and had perceived a benignant presence that he



could not see, a presence which to his half-conscious question of "Who is there?" had answered in murmuring music, soft as the notes of a Eolian harp: "It is I, your mother. David Gryphyn, arise, and go hence; get to your home—my mother has something to say to you."

And the soft voice sank into silence, and when he started up and opened the window shutters, letting in the rays of the rising sun, there was nothing to be seen but the great bare walls and floor of the room, with its scant and rude furniture.

David Lindsay sat down on one of the rough chairs, and took his head between his hands to think it over. He could make nothing of it. The voice had said, "It is I, your mother." But the voice was not at all like that of his mother, as he remembered hers.

Again, the mysterious visitant had said, "David Gryphyn." But his name was not David Gryphyn, it was David Lindsay. Finally it had concluded with these unaccountable words: "Go hence, and get to your home, for my mother has something to communicate to you."

But his mother had no mother living on this earth, he knew. His mother had been an orphan when his father, James Lindsay, had married her. The old woman at his home, Dame Lindsay, was his grandmother on his father's side.

The dream, or vision, strange and real and superhuman as it seemed, was an absurdly mixed-up affair, caused no doubt by confused memories and thoughts jumbled up together in his confused brain.

So David Lindsay said to himself, yet he could not shake off the supernatural, perhaps even the superstitious effect left upon his mind.

He had been moving about and then sitting still in the cold room, just as he had jumped out of bed. He had been too much absorbed by his strange subject of thought to feel the chill that was creeping upon him.

Now, however, as he aroused himself from this useless reverie, he shivered and shook as with an ague, and hastened to the hearth and uncovered the smouldering coals and brands.

Then he dressed himself and went out.

There was no one in the hall outside the bed-chambers, so he could not tell whether he was not the only one up in this strange house.

He passed downstairs and found the fires burning brightly in the broad front and back fire-places in the hall, but still no one was to be seen. He entered the "big parlour," and found another fire there, but the room was empty.

In the spirit of restlessness he wandered into every room on that floor, finding every one well warmed by great open fires of logs.

These numerous fires were needed now, and would be needed for some time yet, to correct the dampness and bad air of the long-deserted house.

Last of all he wandered into the dining-room where they had taken dinner and tea in one on the preceding day.

Here the table was drawn up before the bright blazing fire, and neatly set to breakfast.

"What a home this is for Gloria to come to. What a strange fascination it is that brings her here and keeps her here. Why, our poor little cottage on Sandy Isle is a civilised and refined home compared to this. And we have the small comforts of life and a few books and a few little ornaments. And Promontory Hall is a queen's palace to this. For here, in this unfinished and almost unfurnished place, there is not a papered wall, not a single carpet, nor a curtain, nor a picture, nor a coat, nor a book to be seen. It supplies only an inventory of negations. How can she stay here?"

"But there is one good in the place. She is as safe here, perhaps safer here with Mrs. Brent, than she would be anywhere else; for I am not sure, if she were within reach of her half-crazy guardian, that her marriage would be any protection against his persecution. Finding out this marriage to have been only a form he might choose to ignore it, and urge upon her the expediency of having it legally annulled. I cannot trust an infatuated man without religious principles to restrain him. Yes, she is better here for the present, and if I could get Miss De Crespiigny to join her here it would be the best thing that could happen for her; for Miss Agripina is too strictly principled not to hold to the sanctity of marriage vows, even in such a case as ours, and she would be now the best protection for my unloving bride. I will try to get Miss Agripina to come to her, even if I have to brave that lady's rage."

Somewhat David Lindsay, sitting before the dining-room fire, until he was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Brent, bringing a coffee-pot in her hands and followed by a servant with a large dish of broiled partridges.

Gloria entered at the same moment.

David Lindsay arose and placed a chair for her. They only said good-morning to each other by a look.

The last dishes were set on the board, Philippa joined them, and they all sat down to the table, the girl just nodded by way of a morning salutation.

"I hope you slept well, ma'am?" said Mrs. Brent, interrogatively.

"Profoundly. I never even dreamed or stirred until morning. If there be a ghost about the house it didn't disturb me," said Gloria.

"Well, I suppose I should have slept quietly enough, too, if it hadn't been for Philly. She kept jumping and starting, and talking and crying out the live-long night?" said the housekeeper.

Gloria looked at her young companion and saw that she was pale and anxious, yet Gloria did not dare to ask the reason, lest "Philly" should blurt out something about the ghastly apparition that had appalled them in the cavern.

But Philippa spoke for herself.

"It was too much supper and the nightmare," she explained, with serio-comic gravity.

As soon as breakfast was over Gloria left the table and retreated into the big parlour, followed by David Lindsay.

Gloria had unpacked some materials for the silk embroidery which she liked so well to do. Now she had brought some down to the parlour with her, and she sat down and began to arrange it for work.

"If I were not still so extremely tired with my week's rumbling over rough roads I should like to go out to-day and explore some of this magnificent mount in scenery," she said, as she threaded her needle.

"What? In paths covered deep in snow and ice?" queried David Lindsay, as he stood on the hearth with his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece.

"Yes. It is not the condition of the ground that would prevent me. It is my own state. I feel as weak and worn out as if I was seventy years old instead of seventeen. In fact, I feel my fatigue even more to-day than I did yesterday."

"I am sorry to hear that. I had hoped that you had quite recovered. You said that you had slept so soundly."

"That was from my deep weariness. Yes, I slept 'like death' all night. But I will venture to say that you did not, David Lindsay. You look as if you had been 'interviewed' by an unpleasant ghost," said Gloria, lightly.

"I have," replied David Lindsay, with an assumed solemnity that imposed upon his companion.

"What?"

"I have."

"Do you know what I asked you?"

"Yes."

"And you say you have."

"Yes."

"Been interviewed by a ghost?"

"Yes."

"Oh, David Lindsay, what do you mean?" demanded Gloria, in wonder and perplexity.

"My dear little lady, I mean very much of what I have said," he gravely replied.

"Do explain yourself. Have you seen or heard anything extraordinary in this strange house?"

"My dear lady, yes. I have. Last night, or rather early this morning, I had an extraordinary dream, or vision—no, not vision, for I saw nothing—but visitation, for I both felt and heard the presence," said the young man, as seriously as before.

"Now are you in earnest? But of course you are. You would not jest on such a subject."

"I am not jesting," said the young man, gently. "Yet it would seem absurd to be in earnest about the matter. In truth I am perplexed. For, dear Gloria, I am not ready to deny or utter disbelief in the possibility of communication between the natural and the spiritual world—in the face of so much evidence from tradition and history. What I experienced last night would have almost persuaded me to believe in the possible return of departed spirits, but for some strange inconsistency in the communication made me."

"Tell me all about it, David Lindsay," exclaimed Gloria.

"Last night, after I went to my room, I looked and bolted both the doors and hooked and bolted both pairs of window shutters. Then I went to bed, and towards morning fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, such as would naturally follow the last week of excessive fatigue."

"Like mine, yes."

"From that death-like sleep I was gently but completely awakened by feeling a light hand laid on my forehead. 'Who is there?' I called. A low, tender, flute-like voice replied: 'It is I, your mother. David

Gryphyn, arise, and go hence—get to your home. My mother has something to say to you.'"

"Gracious Heaven, David Lindsay, do you tell me that?" exclaimed Gloria, turning pale.

"Yes, but whether this was a dream or visitation I cannot tell you. I must say it was more like a visitation."

"What did you do or say?"

"Nothing at first. I felt spell-bound—Jumt-founded."

"Did you see this mysterious visitant?"

"No, I only felt her hand on my forehead and heard her voice in my ears."

"Did she speak again?"

"No."

"Then what did you do?"

"I sprang out of bed and threw open the window-shutters. The sun was rising and filled the room full of light. I searched the place thoroughly, and found no one; examined the doors, and found them securely locked and bolted as I had left them on the previous night."

"And so you were convinced that no one was concealed in your chamber, or could have entered it during the night?"

"Yes, I am convinced of that."

"David Lindsay, what do you think of this yourself?"

"I do not know what to think. It was less like a dream than like a real visitation."

"Was the mysterious visitant like your mother?"

"I repeat that I did not see the visitant at all. I felt her hand upon my forehead. I heard her voice in my ear. That was all. But I must say that though she called herself my mother, her hand felt much smaller, slenderer, softer and lighter than my poor mother's hand, which was large and hard, and roughened by coarse work; her voice also was fine and flute-like whereas my dear mother's was deep and strong. No, though I did not see my mysterious visitant, I perceived that she must have been a very opposite person to my own poor mother."

"Yet she said she was your mother, and her mother had something to say to you."

"Yes, which is an inconsistency with fact; for my poor mother was an orphan from her youth."

"And she called you Dyvyd Gryphyn."

"Yes, another inconsistency, since my name is David Lindsay—these two incoherencies favour the theory that my possible supernatural experience was nothing more than a very distinct dream; for you know dreams are notoriously incoherent."

"Yes, I know all that; but still, David Lindsay, I think there must be something more than a common-place dream in what you have just told me. You have not heard from Dame Lindsay since we left ten days ago, have you?"

"No."

"And she is old and infirm. She may be ill or dying. David Lindsay, I hope you will set out and return to her as soon as possible."

"I shall leave here to-morrow. But, my dear lady, you should have some better protection here than your housekeeper and servant. Did you not tell me that Miss De Crespiigny would be in Liverpool by the first of February?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Because I think she would be the most desirable companion that you could have here, and I think if she knew your condition she would come to you."

"Oh, yes! I know she would. Well thought of, David Lindsay."

"Then as I go through the city I will find out where her party is stopping, and call and see her."

"Yes, David Lindsay, and take a letter from me."

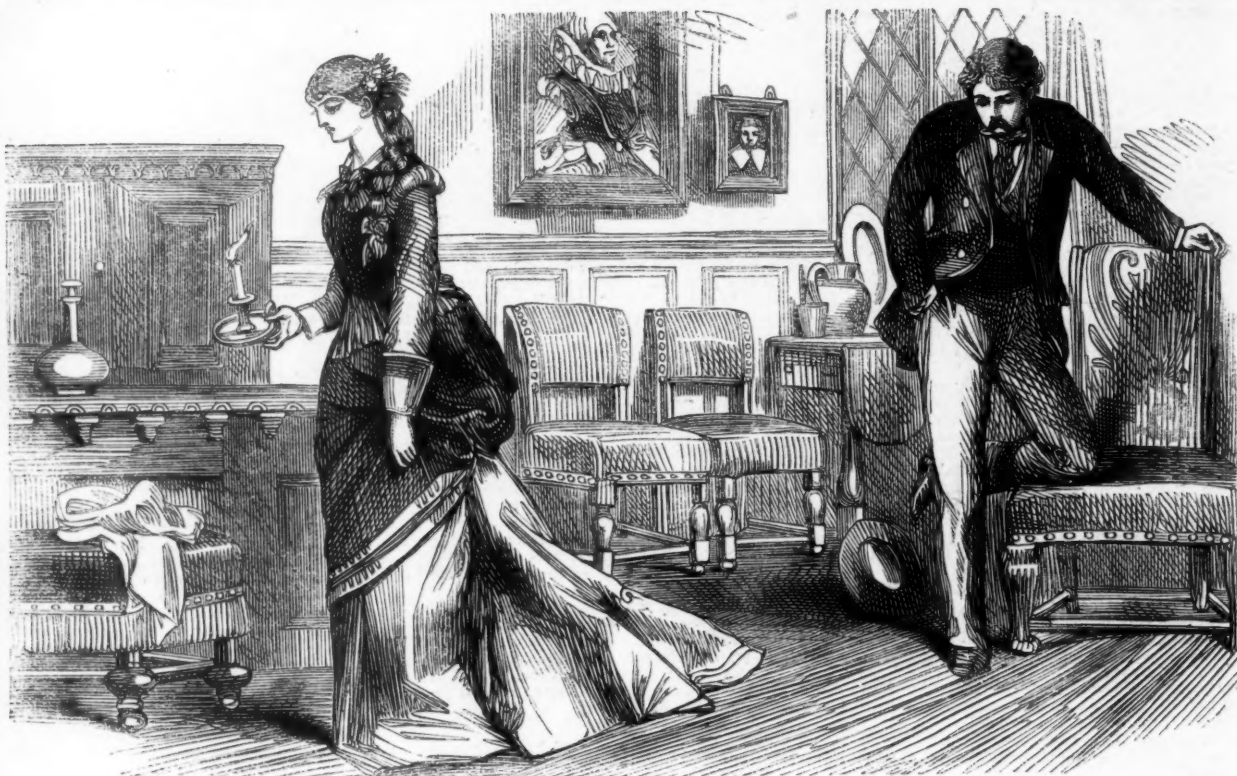
"If you wish."

"Yes, I do; for I must tell her how it all was, and she will understand better than most people would the straits to which I have been driven. She knows Marcel, and she knows me, and, moreover, she would have considered it a mortal sin for me to have married my Uncle Marcel. I will go and get out my writing materials and commence the letter at once," she exclaimed, rolling up her embroidery and rising to leave the room; but looking up, she met the eyes of the young man fixed on her, and full of the disappointment and sorrow that he could not always banish from them.

"Oh, David Lindsay, can you ever forgive me for the great wrong I have done you?" she cried, dropping into her chair again and covering her face with both hands.

He did not say that there was nothing to forgive; that no wrong had been done to him; he could not speak so falsely even to soothe her whom he loved so fondly and so unselfishly.

He had been asked to marry her, and then had been rejected at the altar.



[A SILENT HEART.]

He had been deprived of his liberty, and then bitterly disappointed and humiliated.

This was a deep wrong, and he felt it very acutely.

He could not soothe her by any smooth denial that it was so, yet neither did he reproach her even in his thoughts.

When she dropped her hands upon her lap, revealing her tear-stained face and repeated her question:

"Oh, David Lindsay, can you ever, ever forgive me for the great wrong I have done you?" his heart melted with tenderness towards her.

He knelt by her side, took her limp hands in his own, looked up in her woeful little face—his own fine face full of the heavenly light of self-renunciation, and said:

"Whatever there may be to forgive, dearest, I forgive with all my heart and soul. I love you too deeply and truly to feel a shade of anger towards you. Never, even in my thoughts, have I blamed you."

"Oh, you are so good and great-hearted, David Lindsay! And I have, in my impulsive selfishness, so spoiled your life! Married you and then refused to be your wife, and put it out of your power to wed any other woman!" she cried, weeping bitterly.

"No, Gloria—no, dear, do not reproach yourself with that last consequence, for it is not true. I love you only, and have loved you only all the days of my life. I could not and I cannot change. So even if I had not married you I could never have married any other woman. Put that cause of self-reproach out of your mind, Gloria."

She was crying so convulsively that she could not speak for some time. When she could her hands clasped his, and she sobbed forth:

"And I love you, David Lindsay! Oh, I do! I do! I do! I do love you so dearly! You feel so near to me, David Lindsay; just like my own heart and soul; but I don't want to be married! That is, I know I am married, but I don't want to be!"

He made no sort of reply to this tirade.

"Oh, David Lindsay, I don't want you to go and leave me, either, I don't! What should I do without you now? I should cry myself blind! Oh, David Lindsay, how unhappy we are!"

"There is a wall between us, dear. I know not what it is, but I feel it bitterly. It may be the wall of caste or prejudice. I would it were down."

"Ah, heaven, so do I. Oh, dear David Lindsay, don't go and leave me. Stay with me, and let us be just like brother and sister. Say, darling old playmate, won't you stay and be my brother?" she pleaded, taking his head between her little hands, and laying her face against his forehead.

Now, if he had been a hypocrite, or even a diplomatist, he would have accepted these terms, and trusted to time to win the entire heart of his bride. But he was too honest, open and straightforward, and though his frame shook with emotion, and his voice was well-nigh suffocated, he answered, firmly:

"No, Gloria, No, dearest. What you ask is beyond human nature; or, at least, beyond mine."

She cried hard for a few minutes, and then suddenly clasped his head again as he knelt beside her, dropped her own upon it, and sobbed forth her submission:

"Well, then, take me. Take me! I will keep my vow. I will be your wife, David Lindsay."

And now if his great love had not been utterly without self-love he would have taken her at her word.

But, still shaking with a storm of emotion, still speaking in an almost expiring voice, he answered:

"It is your pity that speaks now, my dearest. You feel grieved for me, and in the pity of your heart you are willing to give up all your late repugnance and sacrifice yourself to my happiness. Yes, even as you once feared you would do in the case of your guardian."

"But oh, David Lindsay, it is so different. It would have been a mortal sin for me to have been Marcel's wife. It seems to me now it would be a sin not to be yours," wept Gloria.

"You think and speak on an impulse, dearest, that you would repent. You would be sure to repent it; and then, Gloria, I should be most wretched indeed. No, love, I must not take advantage of this pity you feel, for it is nothing else, Gloria. To-morrow I must leave you. It is my duty to do so. I will send your aunt, Miss De Crespigny, to you—"

"Oh! David Lindsay, but my heart will break."

"No, no, love! Listen to me. Try yourself, dearest. Find out what will make you happy. Now you suffer from a generous, tender sympathy with me, which is not love—not the love my soul craves, and you think I will be unhappy. I shall not be so, dearest. I shall be actively engaged in doing my duty."

"Oh, but it is not only for you, David Lindsay, it is for myself that I am grieving. I shall miss you so much."

"Because I have been with you for nearly two weeks, and you have no one else, except these strangers. But, Gloria, in a short time your aunt will be here."

"But she will not be you," wailed the girl.

"Listen further. If, when you have got over this pang of parting and have lived some little time under the influence of your aunt, you should then, after calm reflection, feel that you could be happy with me, write and recall me, and I will be at your feet again, as I am now."

He had controlled himself by a great and sustained exertion of his will, and she at last grew quieter under his influence.

"Dear David Lindsay," she said, with a final sob and sigh, "go, if you feel you must go, and put me on this probation, if you think I need it. But I shall soon write and beg you to come back to me. Be sure of that. And you will come, just as soon as I send for you, will you not?"

"Just as soon as you write for me," he answered.

"And oh, David Lindsay, if I thought you wouldn't—if I thought that anything could happen to prevent you from coming back to me? Tell me again."

"I will come back as soon as you send for me."

"And I will send very soon. And now, dear David Lindsay, never call me 'lady' again. It seems so cold and distant. Call me loving names, because I do love you."

"My heart never called you anything but dearest, best beloved."

"Yes, yes—call me always so."

A rap at the door interrupted their conversation.

David Lindsay arose and went and opened it.

"The overseer, Mr. Cummins, is here, sir, to ax yer must be send in his 'counts next time to you or to the young mistress's garden what used to 'cieve 'em?" inquired Hector.

"I will go and see him," said David Lindsay, leaving the room.

Meanwhile, Gloria went upstairs to get materials to write to her aunt.

(To be Continued.)





[GLORIOUS NEWS.]

## A FATAL MISTAKE.

## CHAPTER I.

A STately home situated on a lofty bluff overlooking the windings of the lovely American river Potomac is the opening scene of my story. Magnificent forest trees cast their wealth of shade over its hospitable roof, and threw flickering shadows on the verdant lawn which stretched smoothly toward the river, terminating in an abrupt embankment, through which a carriage road was cut leading to the landing below—a rude platform built of heavy logs, overlaid with rough boards securely fastened down.

The house was imposing in appearance, though it was but a story and a half high, for it covered a large space of ground, and a wide veranda supported by heavy Doric pillars extended nearly the whole length of the front. This was paved with tiles brought from Europe, for at that day nothing of the kind was manufactured in America.

On this opened three doors—the centre one the most imposing in size and finish. This led into a hall twenty feet wide, with a handsome staircase of polished oak rising from it to the upper chambers. A door at the foot of this led into a room of moderate size, with a corner fireplace which marked its proportions—one chimney serving this apartment and a smaller one which opened from it. Beyond these lay the library, a room of more imposing dimensions, with shelves filled with the standard English literature of that day.

On the opposite side of the wide hall, two rooms, exactly similar to the small ones described, opened from it, and through either of these access was gained to the state dining-room which extended the whole depth of the house, and was wide in proportion. An immense arched window, with side lights, occupied the centre of the eastern wall, and two small ones in front gave cheerfulness to the large room, in which were often assembled the élite of that day—the brave men and lovely women who formed what was afterwards known as Washington's court.

A few miles above lay Mount Vernon, built much on the same plan as Carmora, the homestead of Robert Carr, a gentleman of English descent and

strong prejudices, but as staunch a patriot as if he had not been the descendant of a noble English house.

The great battle had been fought through years of discouragement and bitter hardship, but now it was nearly won, and the closing scene at Yorktown was looked for with extreme solicitude.

Mr. Carr was too old a man to take an active part in the struggle, for he was more than sixty years of age, but his wealth had helped to sustain the cause, and his enthusiasm was equal to that of the youngest man who gave his life for the country he loved. His grandfather had built Carmora, and laid the foundation of a large fortune which descended to him as the only male representative of the family. His only sister had been sent to England to her mother's family to be educated. She never returned, having married almost as soon as she escaped from the schoolroom, and died a few months afterward.

Mr. Carr was still the owner of an immense estate in land, but nearly all of his ready money had been exhausted by the exigencies of the times, and his own open-handed liberality throughout those years which so severely tried men's souls. Yet there was still enough to spare, he declared, and his house was always open to those who claimed, or needed, the shelter of his hospitable roof.

In a large, morocco-covered arm-chair he is seated now; this is drawn near enough to the door of the wide hall we have described to afford a view of the windings of the beautiful river which he considers unrivalled by any other in the world.

He is a heavily-built man, who in the progress of years has lost the lithe, débonnaire grace which once distinguished him in the hall or hunting field. He has grown fat and unwieldy, and the gout has attacked his feet, and partially disabled his right hand. But if his body is somewhat helpless his brain is active enough, and his will as strong—perhaps stronger—than in his palmiest days.

The head which crowns his heavy figure is lion-like in its contour, and the long masses of floating yellow hair, thickly mingled with gray, which ripples and curls around his shoulders, adds to the resemblance. He will not submit to have it dressed after the fashion of the day except on grand state occasions, and then only by the gentle hands he loves best of all in the world—those of his only and adoringly beloved daughter.

The eyes which are set in this strongly-marked

face are dark gray, large, and well set, the expression varying from genial good-humour to passionate fury, as the mood of their owner changes. For if the will of the lord of Carmora is set at naught, he is capable of such wild excesses of rage as are frightful to those who fall under the ban of his displeasure, though luckily they are soon over.

And the one who dreads these outbursts most is the daughter he so loves, for alas! her will clashed with his in the most important crisis of her life, and for two years past Bettina Carr has had a secret of her own, which, if revealed to the hasty and passionate man who claims her as the one priceless jewel of his old age, will certainly lead to an explosion which may either cost her father his life or end in her own expulsion from the roof which is so dear to her.

He has no suspicion of the dread in which she lives, for open as day himself, Robert Carr has no dream of the fatal weakness of which his darling has been guilty. The time was swiftly approaching when all must become known, and Bettina, in a panic of fear, held herself aloof from her father as much as possible, dreading that he might discover her nervousness and seek to learn its cause.

The two young negroes were playing on the lawn, and suddenly the voice of the master arrested their gambols.

"Caesar, Pompey, both of you young rascals go in search of Miss Betty, and tell her that a boat is coming up the river with flags flying. It brings good news—good—good, for the god of battles has been with us. Yorktown has fallen! I know—I know it must be so. It could not be otherwise if justice reigns in Heaven."

The lads hastened to obey the command as soon as it was given, and at the close of his monologue a slender figure came swiftly from the lower edge of the lawn, where a rustic seat commanding a good outlook on the river was placed.

Bettina Carr did not resemble her father in any single trait of person. She was tall, lithe as the swaying willow, with brunette complexion, black hair and eyes, and delicate, clearly-cut features. She was now deadly pale, and her breath came in quick, short gasps as she crossed the lawn in obedience to the summons of her father.

When within a few yards of the veranda she paused to gain self-control, but lifting her hand to shade her eyes, pretended to be looking out on the boat which was swiftly approaching, with a band of music playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."

"Gerald is there," she muttered, with white lips. "He promised me if he escaped from the perils of the battle, which I know now has been fought and won, that he would come in joy and triumph to claim me. Ah me—ah me! dare I suffer him to tell the truth? Shall I dare to face my father after it is told? He will never forgive me, never! and, oh, I cannot give him up—my darling, passionate old father—even for the man I once thought I loved beyond my life—that I could give up everything for. Now, I know that my heart is a divided one, and I cannot be happy ever again if papa refuses to forgive me. Hark! he is calling to me again, and I must go; but how I shall sustain my courage Heaven alone knows."

She moved forward with faltering and unwilling steps, and when she stood before him, Mr. Carr, in the midst of his elation, was struck by the expression of her face. He hurriedly asked:

"Are you not well, Betty? You look strange, and you hardly seem to be glad of the glorious news that must be coming. The long agony is over, my daughter, and our freedom is won. That is what that boat was sent to tell Mrs. Washington, and it brings to all on the river the glad tidings as well. If I could stand on my feet I would throw up my hat and make the welkin ring with huzzas; but as I am only an old cripple on my last legs, I must provide the best substitute that I can. Get out the old bugle and I will wind a blast on it that will bring up the darkies, and I'll make them howl till they are blacker in the face than nature made them."

Glad to turn his attention from herself Bettina went into the hall and presently returned with the bugle, which was ordinarily used to call the farm hands together.

A long and musical peal was sounded, and before the boat made the landing a group of negroes, grinning with delight, had gathered on the bluff, yelling and hurrahing with as much excitement as if the approaching news included their own emancipation from slavery.

The boat merely touched the landing and throw out a printed bulletin announcing the fall of Yorktown and the virtual conclusion of war.

A young man stepped on land, and beckoning Pompey, who had rushed down to the river on the first appearance of the schooner, gave him two letters, and hurriedly said:

"For Mr. Carr, from headquarters." Then lowering his voice he significantly said:

"Give the one with the corner turned down to your young mistress, and let no one see it. No one, mind, Pompey; and if you are faithful you know what you may hope for."

"I know, ear. I've seen furd'n de ole master. Miss Betty 'll be glad to git it, an' I don't mean dat any but her shill know 'bout it."

He skipped up the pathway, stopping half way up the ascent to utter a stunning war-whoop by way of parting salutation to those who had already gone on; and then carefully concealing the secret missive in the sleeve of his shirt, Pompey hastened to deliver the letter confided to him, although efforts were made by some of the older negroes to take it from him.

He vaulted away from them dexterously, eluding the grasp ready to clutch him, crying:

"No, no; you don't discomborbate dis chile often dat fashion. I've de bearer o' de 'spatches, case Marse Gerald give 'em to me, an' I've gwine to put 'em in de han's dey was 'tended fur; so you git cut'n de way, you poor, bamboozled niggers."

When Pompey gained the shelter of the piazza no further attempt to intercept him was made, and he soon drew near enough to him, pulling the front lock of his hair as he said:

"I've bring your letter safe, marster, though dem omannerly old folks thought they'd a better right to it than I had. Marse Gerald git it to me, an' he's done gone on a ready."

A swift flash of anger came from the old man's eyes, and a heavy frown settled on his brow. He brusquely said:

"His room is better than his company, any way. Of course he was only the bearer of the letter, for he can have nothing to say to me on his own account. Where are my glasses, Betty? Bring them to me, child, that I may read the glorious news for myself."

Bettina gladly hurried away to find the glasses, and Pompey glided after her, carrying in his hand the letter he had drawn from his sleeve.

It was not the first time he had delivered missives from the same hand in a most mysterious manner, and Bettina took it with a half smile, though she shivered perceptibly as her hand came in contact with it.

She only said:

"You are very faithful, Pompey, and I will not forget it."

An expression of impatience from her father hurried her movements, and she had not time even to look at the address upon her own letter before she returned to him.

"Here are your spectacles, papa," she managed to say in a steady voice, "and now let us exult together in the great news your letter must contain."

"Yes—yes, my girl; you are true grit as well as myself, and I believe you will exult as I do when the accursed foot of every invader of our soil is forever removed from it. But how comes it, I wonder, that Gerald Denham was made the bearer of despatches, the smooth-faced good-for-naught?"

In a voice Bettina vainly tried to steady, she said:

"Since he came over to our side, you know, he has been a sort of attaché to General Washington's staff. He could be better spared, I suppose, than the more experienced officers."

The old man uttered a contemptuous expletive: "It is an honour that no traitor to his blood, no renegade to his country, should have had bestowed upon him. Gerald is of English birth and breeding, and he only took sides with us for the sake of your favour and mine. You know how much he gained of my good will by that move, and I should carry a sore heart within me if I thought he had won much more of yours."

While he spoke thus Mr. Carr was too intently occupied with unsealing his letter with his tremulous hands to observe the effect of his words upon his daughter.

An expression of intense anguish and alarm spread over her colourless face, and she seemed to shrink from his words as if they were blows.

At length the missive was opened, and a message, about as brief as that of Cæsar to the Roman Senate, was found within, written in a large, careless hand:

"OLD FRIEND—The victory is ours, and the contest virtually ended. Denham will tell you the rest. G. WASHINGTON."

Tears flowed from the eyes so little used to shedding them, and lifting the letter above his head, Mr. Carr reverently said:

"Thank the Lord of all the nations that He has given us a place among them, and next to Him, thanks to the noble and true man, the grand cavalier, who has conducted us to a safe haven at last. The Bayard of his day, without fear and without reproach, the men of all ages and all hands shall hold him in reverence as the incarnation of all that is best in human nature."

Having uttered this tribute to the friend of his life-time, the old man bowed his head upon his hands, and his lips moved as if in prayer.

His daughter stood beside him deeply moved by his emotion, though at the same time intensely occupied with her own affairs, and shrinking within herself at the terrible ordeal through which she knew she must soon pass.

Carr suddenly raised his head, glanced at her marble-like face, and, with a sudden irritation, said:

"I am almost tempted to believe that you have no sympathy with me in this hour, Bettina, for you are looking as pallid as a ghost, and as joyless as if this great news had no meaning for you, as it must have for every woman in the land. What has come over you, girl? Your spirits have been variable for a long time past, but I accounted for that by the uncertain condition of the times. Now they have mended, and there is no excuse for that woe-begone expression. I hope you are not thinking of that worthless scamp who passed up the river just now? I hoped and believed that folly was dead and buried long ago."

With dry lips Bettina managed to say:

"You are very hard on me, papa; I exult in the success of our cause as much as you or anyone can, but I am not quite well. My nerves have been severely tried lately, and—and I cannot control myself as well as I once could."

"I cannot think what you have had to try them," said her father, dryly. "If you are building new hopes on the appearance of Gerald Denham in this neighbourhood you may dismiss them at once, for he shall never darken my doors again with my consent. Dishonourable to the core of his heart, I would sooner see you wedded to the tomb than allow him for one hour to believe that I would permit him to approach you in the character of a lover. He did it once; he abused the hospitality extended to him as a distant kinsman to attempt to win my heiress, knowing, too, how unworthy he had proved himself of any pure woman's love. Do you think I had not good cause to send him away when I stole my heart against your prayers, and refused to hear from him such feeble and false defence as he would have attempted? I would not tell you the story then, my daughter, because I wished to spare you the

knowledge of all his baseness; but after all this time, if there is still a weak spot in your heart which clings to him, I will lay bare the record that you may know how utterly worthless Gerald Denham is."

Bettina cowered beneath this outburst—how hopelessly, how helplessly, her father could never have suspected.

She shuddered through every fibre of her frame as he went on, and at the close of his long speech put out her hand despairingly, and almost hysterically said:

"Don't—don't tell me anything, papa. I know enough—too much already—that that bears hardly on him. I did love him once—oh, how dearly! how dearly! But you need not tell me a ything to disenchant me now. He has done that himself effectually enough, and I love you ten thousand times better than I ever can love him again."

"Ah-h, that is well, my daughter, for it will be a hard struggle for me to give up the first place in your heart even to a good man. Certainly not to such as I know Gerald to be. There, my dear, brighten up, and let us think what we shall do in honour of the great news we have heard this evening. By Jupiter, there is a bonfire rising already on Mason's place. Call up the darkies, and I will give them their orders."

The negroes had gathered into groups on the lawn, waiting and watching the progress of the boat up stream, every available part of which was decorated with the flag which was so proudly borne as the emblem of victory.

They knew that a celebration of some kind would be attempted, and they waited for the orders that were certain to come.

A few thrilling notes wound on the bugle soon collected a dark mass in front of the veranda, overflowing with excitement and animal spirits, and the order to make a magnificent bonfire on the lower end of the lawn on a point of land jutting out toward the river, was received with jubilant cries and wild capers from the more juvenile portion of the labourers.

Pompey cried out in shrill tones: "Mayn't I set fire to the pile, massa? I bring de letter, an' I've de bes' right."

"Yes—yes," was the laughing reply, "and be sure to make a blaze that shall light up the river far and near. Make Carmora outshine the others, if you can."

Signal fires were burning already as far as the eye could reach along the banks of the river, and in a brief space of time a ruddy flame arose on the point, which increased in volume as fresh fuel was heaped upon it; and Pompey had the satisfaction of seeing that in size and brilliancy the fire he had kindled could scarcely be surpassed.

Dark figures flitted about it several hours, to whom refreshments were sent out from the house, in honour of the occasion; among these was a jug of Jamaica rum, from which the health of the great chieftain was drunk as jubilantly by the blacks as if their chains had been broken too on the day which gave him the victory over his foes.

"Poor wretches," muttered their owner, "they have all the fun, and we shall reap all the benefit. It is hardly fair to set them to rejoicing over freedom in which they have no share; but they seem to like it well enough. 'Car killed a cat,' says the proverb; but it's not likely to prove fatal to a jolly race like that of the negro. Sambo is so different from us that we can hardly judge him by the same standard."

"Ah—there is the supper-bell. Betty, give me your arm, please; it is better than a cane. Ah! what would I do without my lily-belle—my true and loving child?"

Bettina listened to this with a great pang, but she smiled and made no sign. She had conquered outward composure, at least, though her letter burned in her bosom, and she had great fears as to the nature of its contents.

## CHAPTER II.

IN a small back room on the eastern side of the hall the table was laid for three persons—the master and his daughter, and the elderly lady who, at the death of Mrs. Carr twelve years before, had taken on herself the care of the house and the training of the only child.

Mrs. Ronald was a childless widow, nearly related to Bettina's mother, who gladly accepted the comfortable home which was offered her at Mrs. Carr's decease, and carefully saved the greater part of her liberal salary, intending to return it at her death to the being she loved best in the world—the impulsive, giddy, wilful girl she had helped to train to womanhood, who was now reaping in bitterness the sars



shown by the weak indulgence granted to her most capricious fancies in the days when her character was forming for good or for evil.

Had Bettina Carr's nature been an evil one, she might have matured into something repulsive, but fortunately she was a bright, frank, affectionate child, who, in some measure, tried to rule herself, that she might not become an object of aversion to those around her.

Her temper was imperious, her will strong, her liberty untrammelled, and if she remained unspoiled, under such circumstances, it was due to the innate nobility of spirit bestowed upon her.

One fatal error she had made, which she was repenting now with tears of blood wrung from her aching heart; but she smiled and talked, and made no sign, lest her father should be again aroused to suspicion as to the cause of her depression.

The small, fair woman who fluttered about the head of the table as if uncertain what to do or say, looked from one to the other when the father and daughter entered the room, and the expression of uncertainty died from her face. She smiled in her soft way, and said:

"This is a grand day for us, sir, and it's a pity we cannot do something worth speaking of to signalise our rejoicing. A bonfire is a fine thing, to be sure, and I have ordered the cook to get up something the negroes will like by way of refreshment. I am sure the poor creatures must be hoarse with all the shouting they have done. One might think it was their jubilee."

"Their may come some day," said Mr. Carr, prophetically, "and when it does I hope they will make as good use of it as we intend to make of ours. Send them out something to be jolly on, Mrs. Ronald—I beg your pardon—Cousin Nancy; let them have some of the rum that is still in the store-room, for now we shall have no difficulty in getting plenty more."

Mrs. Ronald cast her small, light blue eyes toward Bettina in a furtive manner while this was said; but her quiet demeanour and the supreme self-control the young girl imposed on herself reassured the duenna, who had been careless of her charge, and who knew as well as Bettina did that a blow was impending which must bring stupendous results to the three gathered around that table. To two of them eternal banishment, perhaps, from beloved Carmora—to the third one, desolation and despair over the defection of his trusted and adored daughter.

Mrs. Ronald knew that Denham was on the passing boat, and that he had left no token for Bettina she thought impossible—yet such questions as she had been able to put to Pompey were baffled, for that acute Mercury was uncertain as to how far the housekeeper was in the confidence of his young lady, and he was true to the pledge he had given.

That Denham had returned to the neighbourhood with the intention of defying Mr. Carr, and proving to him that his hold upon his daughter was too strong to be lightly shaken off, Mrs. Ronald felt assured; and she quaked and shivered before the revelation she felt sure was coming, although she had only been taken into the confidence of the lovers when it was necessary to have a friend who could be implicitly relied on.

She had been that friend—she had deceived the good old man who trusted her, and now her punishment was approaching. She was a soft-hearted, feeble little woman, with small power of resistance when a will stronger than her own was brought to bear upon her, and the deception which had long been carried on against the master of the house had only been submitted to because she could not help herself in the position in which she was placed.

The old gentleman was greatly elated, and talked much more than usual, and the two women listened with a show of interest, though if he could have seen how heart-sick they really were, as much on his account as on their own, he would have shrunk before the bitter grief and humiliation which were approaching him.

The table was at length cleared, but Mr. Carr retained his seat and talked on of what he meant to do in the near future, and uttered predictions of the future greatness and prosperity of his beloved country which seemed extravagant then, but which have since been far transcended by the growth of the nation then an infant in its swaddling clothes.

"We shall have a republican form of government," he said; "for I know Washington's mind on that subject, and his will be the ruling spirit in our councils. In his own mind, he has already fixed on the site of the future capital, and it is not so very far from us either; but all that is to be settled in the future. What I am thinking of now is the fine figure I mean you to make, Bettina, in the court of brave men and fair women who will gather around our great chieftain. You shall be bravely decked,

my daughter, and I will order from France such finery as you will need. The jewels you gave to the cause must be replaced by something finer, for no bright lady of the republican court shall eclipse the heiress of Carmora."

Bettina faintly murmured:

"You are very good, papa, and I thank you with all my heart. Let what will happen, believe, oh! believe that I shall be grateful to the last hour of my life for the love you have felt for me, the pride you have taken in me."

Mr. Carr threw up his massive head in a way peculiar to himself, and in angry surprise asked:

"What can happen, I should like to know? What crotchet has got into your brain, Betty, and half added it? Of late you seem always to be dreaming of evil, though nothing but good can be in store for you. You need something to brighten you up. Order wine, if you please, Cousin Nancy. Some of the rare vintage bequeathed to me by my father. A few bottles yet remain, and I have reserved them especially for this occasion. One of them we will have to-night, and the rest shall be kept for the grand reception we will have when our hero comes back to Mount Vernon. We will drink his health to-night, and, by my faith! I shall expect you and Betty to drink bumpers on so joyful an occasion."

Glad to get away for a few moments Mrs. Ronald fluttered from the room, and after a short absence returned, followed by the black butler bearing a bottle of wine, which he had carefully dusted and uncorked under the supervision of the old lady. Glasses were placed upon the table, and with reverent care Mr. Carr filled three to the brim, and rising to his feet with some effort said, as he lifted his glass above his head:

"This to the health, prosperity, and long life of the grandest man whom He has sent through all the ages to save and bless the now home prepared for the down-trodden of all nations. The refuge of the oppressed, the hope of the world, we will make it, with the blessing of that benign Providence which has favoured us so far."

He tossed off his wine, and the two ladies, catching some of his enthusiasm, did the same, though they drank it more slowly.

"That is right; and now for a libation to our country."

And he moved towards the open window, broke the bottle, and poured its precious contents on the ground without, much to the dismay of the sable attendant, who had hoped to have a portion left in it for himself.

Catching the expression of his face the master laughed merrily, and said:

"Such vintage is not for such as thou, old Caesar, though thy name smacks of the palmy days of Rome. Apple-jack and Jamaica rum are better suited to thy palate, and I give you leave to help yourself from the cellar to as much of them as you choose to drink—but beware that you stop short of drunkenness, old man. I tolerate nothing like excess, you know of old."

"Yes, marster—thank you, sir, ever so much, for de privilege, an' I'll not 'buse it. But I should ha' liked a taste of de gold seal all de same."

"I daresay. It is well named, for it is worth its weight in gold, therefore was it a fit offering on behalf of my native land. Go, now, and solace thy disappointment with such inferior tipples as is suited to thee, but do not fail to drink to the hero of Yorktown."

"Yes, sar; and to you, marster, for you's a'most as big a gemplin as Marster General Washington."

With this the negro disappeared, grinning from ear to ear. Mr. Carr turned to his daughter and said:

"Hear that, now. The old numbskull thinks because I have more land than is in the Mount Vernon estate, and as good a house as is on that, that I am to be placed side by side with an immortal."

Both the ladies were still standing, and Bettina, burning with impatience to be free to read her letter, made a movement towards the door. Her father arrested her by saying:

"I meant to make you drink 'confusion to all traitors,' Miss Carr, but in my enthusiasm I forgot that such reptiles exist: and the basest of all traitors, in my estimation, is he who is faithless to the land that gave him birth."

The faint flush the wine had brought to Bettina's cheeks faded away at this thrust, but a sudden fire gleamed in her dark eyes as she replied:

"You are right, papa; the man who is false to his country is scarcely to be trusted in any relation in life. I feel that deeply—deeply."

"Then you are safe from the machinations of the base man who has come hither to try and cast his glamour over you a second time, my daughter," he replied, as he stooped forward and imprinted a tender kiss upon her brow.

Bettina almost shrank from the caress, and she woefully thought:

"If he knew—if he only suspected my treason against himself he would never kiss me again. I shall be cast out of his heart for ever when he hears the story, as he soon must; and I shall be thrust from my Eden in sorrier plight than Eve, for she at least had faith in her Adam when they went forth into the wilderness to face the world together."

Mrs. Ronald gave a little frightened gasp, and said:

"Suppose we go out on the piazza and take a look at the bonfires that have been kindled at every point on the river. Night has fallen, and it must be a fine scene."

The others mechanically followed her lead, and presently they stood together, looking out upon the river.

The moon had not yet risen, and the cloudless concave above, thickly sown with stars, looking calmly down on the lurid light reflected in a thousand fantastic forms in the flowing stream, throwing out in strong relief the wooded shores, and revealing glimpses of the few houses scattered at intervals far apart from each other.

Fires had sprung up in every direction, and the booming of guns from the direction of Alexandria showed that the news had gained that point, and the people of the town were celebrating the victory with salvos of artillery.

When they had thoroughly taken in the scene Mrs. Ronald hastened to say:

"A damp, chilly air is rising from the river, Cousin Robert, and I think it is not safe for you to expose yourself longer to the night breeze. You are not well now, you know."

"Nothing is the matter with me but growing old, Nancy," he replied, with a short laugh. "Once I could brave a chillier blast than this with impunity, but now I feel that I am drawing near the three score and ten years allotted to man as his heritage of life. Yes, let us go in, that I may not risk dying before things are properly set going in this land which the Lord has given to us. I have letters to write, too, and Betty must be my amanuensis as usual, though I am sorry to tax her to-night."

"Oh, dear papa," cried Bettina, impulsively. "I hope there will not be many letters to write, for I am tired with all the excitement I have gone through in the last few hours. Will not to-morrow morning do?"

Her father turned and regarded her with something like surprise as they entered the lighted hall. He saw that she was pale and worn-looking, and he gravely said:

"It is not so long since that nothing seemed to have power to fatigue you, Betty; but of late you seem to have lost all your natural elasticity both of mind and body. What ails you, child? Do you find the air here disagree with you?"

"Oh, no, no! Carmora is the dearest place in the world, and I am always better here than anywhere else. I am only tired to-night, and if your letters are not very important I had rather play the part of scribe to-morrow."

"Then to-morrow let it be. I cannot overtax you, my child, and you look as if you need repose. I will smoke my pipe and meditate on the bright future opening to us; that will be better, at any rate, than occupying myself with other things at this time."

"Repose!" mentally repeated Bettina. "There will be little enough of that for me to-night. Poor father. He dreams of happiness, and I shall bring him only blight."

But she kissed him affectionately, and cheerfully said:

"You are always kind and considerate, papa, and I sometimes feel quite self-condemned when I think of all I owe you, and how poor a return I have made for it."

"Don't depreciate yourself, my daughter," he said, with a fond smile, "for no man can claim a fairer or more devoted daughter than this is my happiness to possess. Sleep soundly, and get back some colour in your cheeks, my pet; and may Heaven's benison rest upon you."

He passed his hand caressingly over her hair, and she bowed her head in silence, and felt with bitter pain how unworthy she was of that blessing.

Mr. Carr went into the library, above which his sleeping room was situated, access to which was gained through a small lobby communicating with a private staircase—one of the odd nooks about the old-fashioned house.

This room was his sanctum, in which all of his business transactions of every kind were conducted, and to the owner of a large plantation and also a local magistrate, life was no sinecure in those days.

A small fire burned on the hearth, and the lamp

was carefully trimmed—for both housekeeper and daughter were scrupulously attentive to his comfort. Ensnared in a large, country-made chair, the curling smoke rising at intervals from his lips, the old man sat happily musing, unconscious of the scene enacting in his daughter's room, which, if known to him, would have put to flight all happy visions and filled his heart with dismay, to be followed by bitter anger.

No sooner was she freed from her father's presence than Bettina ran up the wide steps leading to the hall, and turning to the left entered her own room and closed the door precipitately, though she did not bolt it. A light was burning, and a dark form was cowering over the small fire on the hearth, which she seemed to have just kindled. The girl arose and said:

"You're earlier than usual, Miss Betty, an' de fire has hardly had time to burn up. 'Scuse me, please; I've been looking at de fires, an' they was so grand like that I forgot about de one I had to kindle here."

"You are very excusable, Meliss, on such a night as this. I shall not need you, and you may go at once and see all that is going on."

"Oh, thank you, missy, I am ever so glad to go out wi' the people ag'in. They's dancin' an' junketin' finely down to the p'int, an' the master an' word they might keep up the fun till ten o'clock."

"Under such circumstances, of course, I shall not keep you here, Lissa. Go out and join them as soon as you please."

The girl hastened to avail herself of this permission, and Bettina threw herself into a cushioned chair covered with quaintly flowered chintz, and drew from its concealment the letter which had lain as a leaden messenger of evil so long against her heart.

If it had been written by a beloved hand, the action which greeted its first appearance was certainly singular.

With strong repulsion she threw it from her nearly across the room, and an expression almost of loathing came into her face as she sat silently regarding it as if unable to make up her mind to read its contents, anxious as she had been to make herself mistress of them.

While she sat thus, a faint, timid knock came upon the door, but in the fierce working of her own mind Bettina did not heed or hear it. The sound was repeated again without attracting notice, and then the door slowly opened and Mrs. Ronald came in, carefully closing and bolting it after herself, though all was so quietly done that until she spoke Bettina was not aware of her presence.

"Oh! Betty, why do you look so strange?" she quavered. "You got a letter of course, though that boy would not admit it to me. What does Gerald say? What is he going to do? I've been wretched ever since I hear that he has ventured into the neighbourhood again."

"I don't know what he says, and I do not much care," was the defiant response. "Of course, it is something to torture me—some threat to show me that I am fatally in his power. You can pick it up and read it if you choose. I have not broken the seal. By some magnetic power I divined the nature of its contents while I held it in my hand, and I threw it from me as if it had been a reptile that could sting me."

Mrs. Ronald stooped and lifted the letter, though she made no attempt to open it. She sat down suddenly, as if unable to sustain herself longer, and after a brief pause tremulously said:

"Of course I cannot, even with your permission, break open a letter belonging to you, my dear. Gerald no doubt expected, while writing it, that your eyes alone would read the messages he has sent to you. Do read it, and find out from it what his object is in coming so near us again."

"He has but one object, and that is to drive me to desperation," responded the girl, sullenly. "He has violated every pledge he made to me. I gave him all I had to give to leave me to the supreme wretchedness he has brought upon me; never to show his guileful face to me again; and here he is, haunting my steps, and renewing his old persecutions. Oh, Nanty! what am I to do? What can I do to save my poor old father from learning the secrets of my life for two years past?"

"We cannot tell what may be done till you read your letter, Betty, and see what Mr. Denham has to say for himself. I fear that he is a very bad man, but he is your husband—the father of that poor child through whose existence he has great power over you. It is on her account that he may have come hither."

"Oh, my baby! my baby! my poor, helpless little one! Given up to strangers, while I yearn through every hour of my life for her sweet caresses," wailed Bettina, wringing her hands in anguish. "Gerald shall not know where she is! He shall

never tear her from me! I will betray all to my father, and appeal to him to save both her and myself from the power of so base a man as he believes Gerald Denham to be, sooner than suffer my child to fall into his hands."

"He may only wish to bid both you and her a final farewell," timidly suggested Mrs. Ronald, "and after bearing with so much sooner than risk your father's displeasure, perhaps something even worse than that, you will not surely shrink from what is now necessary to be done to save yourself, as far as possible, from the consequences of your imprudence."

"My folly has brought me to this pass," said Bettina, with sudden calmness. "The concealment I have practised towards papa renders it almost impossible to appeal to him without the risk of being cast off and left to the mercy of the man who has abused my confidence to that degree that I have lost all faith in him; the mad love I once felt for him is dead—dead and buried. What can be done? How am I to save myself from the consequences of my imprudence, as you put it?"

Mrs. Ronald did not know what reply to make to this appeal, for she was a woman of few resources, with little courage to meet an emergency of this kind. She feebly said:

"We had arranged our plans so nicely when Gerald went away, we thought, for good, and my niece took little Stella till you could find some excuse for adopting her, and bringing her to the old place, and now he has upset everything by coming back. Do read your letter, Betty, and see what he has to say. I can suggest nothing till I know his views."

(To be Continued.)

## SLEEP.

SLEEP, Dr. W. A. Hammond says, may be defined as general repose. Almost all the organs rest during sleep. The heart, popularly supposed to be in perpetual motion, is at rest 6 hours out of the 24, the respiratory organs 8, and the other organs more or less. The brain alone is constantly employed during wakefulness, and for it sleep was formed and made needful to its preservation. It is true that sleep does not give the brain a total recess from labour; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, and unconscious cerebration likewise takes place, but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been torn down during wakefulness is to a certain extent rebuilt.

Sleep is a most wonderful power—often stronger than the will, as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain, as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labour need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people because construction is more active than decay in their brains.

## RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

## THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

### CHAPTER LXV.

Poor Maud, it seemed a cruel stroke that deprived her of her mother that day. She knelt and wept by that bed as if her heart must break.

Nor could she be got out of the room until Mr. Lovel took her up in his arms and carried her fainting away.

She grieved as one who would not be comforted—almost resenting the efforts of her friends to soothe her, and crying distractedly:

"I know what you are going to say. Death is the common lot—it is the Lord's will—we must submit. It is useless and sinful to repine. They are in Heaven. Oh, I know it all, and I know it is true. Haven't I said the same thing many times to other mourners, and do not I say it now to myself? Only it does not stop my heart from bleeding."

Mr. Lovel expostulated with her, told her she was rebellious to Heaven, &c.

"Don't lecture, Uncle Lovel. Only leave me alone in peace, and I will try to be quiet, and the Lord will help me."

After this Letty sent every one away from her room, and took the exclusive care of Maud upon herself. And in another lull of her tempest of grief the poor girl said:

"My tears will force their way, dear Letty. But, oh, don't you know that I feel it is selfish to wish her back in this lonesome world? Too lonesome for her now he has left it. For, oh, Letty, I know very well that not even I, her only child, could have filled the aching void in her heart and life left by his loss. I know he was her all in all years and years before I ever saw the light, and years on years after I was lost. I know that I was only a brief episode in her life, and he was its whole history. They lived and died together—they are re-united in the land of the blessed. It seems to me so well—only I cannot—help—"

Her words were arrested by another gush of tears. As for Letty she essayed no vain commonplace words of consolation. She merely held the maiden in her arms, and let her sob as much as she pleased upon her sympathising bosom, undisturbed by anything but a soothing caress. Thus Letty comforted the orphan.

After all the funeral was a very quiet one. Richard Pemberton and Augusta were interred together in the family vault at Coverdale Hall.

A monument of the simplest form of architecture—an obelisk of white marble—marks their grave.

After the funeral the will of Richard Pemberton was opened and read. It was found that he had left the whole of his real estate and personal property to his wife Augusta, and constituted her the sole executrix of the will.

But the widow had survived her husband only a few hours, and had died intestate. Consequently Maud Pemberton, who had within a few days past attained her majority, was now the sole heiress and actual mistress of Coverdale Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovel invited their young relative to return with them, and spend a few weeks for change of air and scene at the parsonage.

But no persuasion could induce the orphan to leave the home rendered so sacred by the recent loss of her parents.

Letty Pemberton therefore remained to keep her company, and to superintend the re-arrangement of the disordered home.

Falconer was summoned to the city to assist in the setting up of his work of art. He took a reluctant leave of his betrothed, and with the approbation of Mr. Lovel, promised to return as soon as his errand was concluded, and spend the spring and summer at Coverdale Hall.

And now I have to record one of those unexpected happy events that seems so much like accident.

It was about a month after the death of Richard Pemberton and Augusta. The young spring was smiling over the earth, awakening vegetation. The skies were blue, the breezes soft, the fields and forest clothed with tender verdure, the fruit trees all in blossom, the gardens fragrant with flowers, the groves musical with birds.

The sad heart of the orphan felt the influence, and trembled with the budding of its own new life and joy. Within the Hall all was beautiful order and comfort.

One morning Letty and Maud sat at needlework in the boudoir of the latter. Falconer, who had returned the day previous, read to them from a volume of Wordsworth. A servant entered with a card on a salver, which he handed to his mistress. Maud examined it with a puzzled look.

"Joseph Barton,"—I don't know him at all. I never heard of him before, I am sure."

But Letty jumped from her seat, grew red and pale, and sat down again.

"Joseph Barton? Who did he ask for, Thomas?" inquired Maud, still perplexing herself over the card.

"For you, ma'am—Miss Pemberton."

"He must be some old friend of my father's; Thomas, return to the gentleman and say I will be down in a few minutes."

"No, no, no, no; it is I that he wants to see," exclaimed Letty, nervously.

"You? He asked for Miss Pemberton," said Maud.

"That is my name, also, though I think everybody forgets that I ever had any other than Letty."

"Then this gentleman is really an acquaintance of yours? You know him?"

"Oh, yes—no, I don't know—that is—I used to know—an old—an old acquaintance, as you say," said Letty.

"I never did see her so discomposed," said Maud, as the former left the room.

Meanwhile Letty, with her heart throbbing in her



throat and depriving her of speech and breath, paused upon the landing and leaning against the balustrades exhorted herself as follows:

"Now, Letty Pemberton, you poor, miserable little forlornity, do for Heaven's sake remember yourself, and don't turn foolish at your age; don't, it would be too ridiculous. You have led a sensible life, and haven't exposed yourself up to this day. Now take care. Think of all the sentimental old maids you ever saw of in all the comedies and satires that ever fell under your notice and be upon your guard. Lord bless you, Letty, consider that visitor in the drawing-room is only a middle-aged, corpulent merchant, who is on his way east to purchase goods, and has stopped at the railway station, and just come over here to see an old acquaintance. Therefore, steady, Letty, steady, and for Heaven's sake don't let anybody find you out. Now, do you think I can trust you?"

And she went down and entered the drawing-room.

And sure enough there in the middle of the room stood the merchant—a stout man of forty-five, with thick curling black hair, and a square, deeply bronzed face, enlivened by a fine set of very white teeth, and a pair of dark smiling eyes—not looking as if the years of absence had gone very hard with him—the last man in the world from his appearance to keep his heart and life sacred to the memory of an early love.

Letty came in, formally, freezingly, firmly preparing to say:

"Mr. Barton, I presume? Pray be seated, sir." But he met her half way, smiling cordially, confidently holding out his hand and saying "Letty" in such a tone which made her forget her reserve and caution and meet him as if they had parted but yesterday, except that she exclaimed:

"Oh, Joseph—Joseph Barton—is it really you?" "As sure as you live it is I, Letty," he said, heartily shaking both her hands at once, laughing to conceal the tears in his eyes, and talking a little incoherently; "don't you see it is I—don't you know me? I knew you at once."

"Did you—and so changed?" "Changed? Why your's not changed the least in the world, I don't see the slightest change, and as wicked as ever, I'll warrant, eh, Letty? Still dead to all sentiment, a scorner of all love, eh, Letty?" he said, holding her hands tightly, drawing her towards him, and trying to look into her dear familiar eyes, which, half laughing and half mortified, she turned away, saying:

"Don't talk nonsense to me at my age." "There, I knew it, the same scoffer that ever was, and she pretends she's changed."

"You know what I meant—faded," said Letty. "Faded. My dear little witch, that is a good one."

"True," said Letty, "I never had any bloom to fade."

"I said nothing of the kind, you slanderer." "But come and sit down."

Presently they found themselves seated on the sofa. After a little while Joseph Barton said:

"Do you know what brought me here, Letty?" "The railway carriage, I suppose."

"Really, do you think that? How quick you are at guessing, Letty. But what purpose, dear Letty, brought me hither, think you?"

"I suppose you are going east to purchase your spring goods?"

"What, in April? My dear Letty, what can you be thinking of? My spring goods were purchased and shipped two months ago, dropped the whole business into the hands of my clerks, posted back as fast as I could come, and here I am. Now, what brought me? Letty, is there nothing in your heart that answers the question?"

Letty shook her head.

I know not how it would be with other women of thirty-five in Letty's circumstances, but I know that she, in the midst of the strongest, the most tenacious, and most rational attachment that ever lived in woman's heart felt thoroughly ashamed of it, and numbered herself among the silly, sentimental old maids and widows whom she had seen shown up in satire.

The truth is, Letty had ever had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and now that laughing imp in her heart and eye, with its flaming two-edged sword of sarcasm which had been the terror of all tenderness of thought in others, had, with poetic justice, turned upon herself, so her head and heart were at great variance, and she could have cried now with the discord they made.

We are glad for her sake that true Joseph Barton had a healthful and harmonious nature, and so far from reproaching, congratulated himself upon the present event.

"And so you cannot imagine what brought me here, Letty?" he said. "Well, dearest Letty, I must tell you that I came expressly to see you, and to have a talk with you."

"Then why in the world, Joseph, didn't you come to see me during all these long, long, long years?"

"Did they seem long to you, dear Letty? So they did to me, indeed."

"Thirteen years is an awful chasm in a human life."

"Why, so it is, especially when it opens in the most flowery portion of youth."

"It has ruined our two lives. It were preposterous now to renew—to recall—"

"All those blank, dreary years of absence. Why, so it would. Let the dead past bury its dead. Lot by-gones be by-gones. Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, let us press towards the mark for the prize of high calling."

"Don't be irreverent, Joseph."

"I am not. I think that text as good for this world as for the next. There Letty, you faithless one, I have given you the three highest inspired authorities I know of—poets, children, and Holy Writ. Now, no more dismal looking back. Remember Lot's wife."

"But you have not told me why in all these years you never came to see us."

"You sent me away. Why did you never write and give me leave to come back?"

"Oh, I thought to do so a thousand times, but something—I know not what—always restrained me from writing."

"And I thought a thousand times of returning, but something—I know very well what—restrained me."

"What was it?"

"The impression I had that you were married."

"Oh, Joseph."

"Yes; and I believed so until last month."

"And how did you find it out at last?"

"By the merest accident, without which I should never have known that you were single, and should not now be here at your side," said Joseph Barton, becoming very grave as he added: "It is connected with this subject of your—shall I say our—great loss, Letty?"

Her eyes filled at the allusion, and she turned away her head.

"I saw in the newspaper report of the last hours of Richard Pemberton among the names of those present at his dying bed that of his sister, Miss Letitia Pemberton. I set out to seek you, Letty, the day that I saw that announcement, and here I am."

Poor Letty, how her indignation had burned against those intrusive reporters whom she had suspected of noting down everything, from the doctor's prescription to the widow's and orphan's tears. Little had she suspected but they were destined to be the blind instruments in bringing about the denouement of her own little private impracticable romance.

We must not linger over this reunion. You will have anticipated the result. Joseph Barton was duly presented to the young lady of Coverdale Hall, and at her invitation became her guest for several weeks.

And in little more than a year from this time, in the beautiful month of June, two marriages were celebrated.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

JOSEPH BARTON arrived in a plain travelling carriage on the first of May, and on the first of June Joseph and Letitia were quietly married at the village church, and amid the smiles and good married wishes of their friends they departed for their home.

The wedding day of Maud and Falconer was appointed for Wednesday, the thirteenth of June. Neither Falconer nor Maud were in the least degree responsible for the splendour that attended their marriage.

Mrs. Lovel remained to superintend affairs until after the marriage. She received a letter from Lady Percival conveying cordial congratulations to the bride and bridegroom, and announcing the speedy arrival of herself and Sir Henry to assist at the solemnities.

The letter was accompanied by a costly and elegant clasp, the baronet's offering to the bride.

"Friends shower gifts upon me; they overpower me with kindness," said the gentle girl, with tears of sweet emotion in her eyes.

On the Monday of the marriage week Sir Henry and Lady Percival arrived at the Hall, and Falconer was expected to reach the neighbourhood on the twelfth.

Accordingly, on the morning of that day the guests at the Hall had the thoughtfulness and good nature to keep out of the way and leave Maud to herself, so that the first meeting of the young pair should be alone.

Without knowing why she was left, Maud was nevertheless very glad to find herself the sole occupant of her drawing-room.

Presently there was the quick, light sound of horse's hoofs galloping up to the door, the elastic spring of the rider from the saddle, hurried footsteps up the portico, a word with the servant in waiting at the door, and in another instant Falconer was in the room, and Maud was in his arms, pressed to his bosom—warm heart to heart, flushed cheek to cheek, and the golden ringlets to raven locks. It was a close, silent, impassioned embrace, of fervid, pure love—a love ineffable and full of joy—a joy too great for speech.

"Maud, my own Maud, fairest angel!"

Smiling a little at his enthusiasm she shot one swift glance into the dark splendour of his eyes in a confusion so beautiful and bewitching that her lover nearly lost his reason, and snatched her to his bosom in a delirium of passionate delight.

Again she extricated herself, suffused with rosy blushes, and he led her to a seat, and there close to her side with his arm enfolding her waist, with his other hand clasping her fingers, with his eyes resting in measureless content upon her lovely countenance, and reading there the prophecy of long years of love and joy unspeakable, he began to pour out the fullness of his heart, to tell her of his infinite affection—of his long and bitter sufferings in the past, of his boundless delight in the present, and his rapturous hopes for the future.

"Here is the first fruits of my labour," he said, "I lay it at the feet of my liege lady, humbly entreating her acceptance of the poor gift."

It was a magnificent parure of pearls, that a royal bride might have envied. It had taken the whole proceeds of the sale of his greatest work to purchase them. He had condensed, crystallised the labour of years in one costly offering, and laid it at her feet. They represented—not so many thousand pounds, but many painful days and nights of toil and study—glorious days and nights of inspiration.

"I am not worthy, dearest Falconer; but I accept your precious gift; it is inestimable; its cost cannot be calculated; every gem here stands for days of toil—of an artist's priceless toil. Yes, a priceless love, too. Heaven make me deserving of it. I, too have a gift for you, dearest Falconer; but it is not so precious as yours,"—(a deed of conveyance of Coverdale Hall and the whole of her landed estate to Falconer, regularly and legally drawn up, signed, witnessed, and sealed)—"I had reserved it for tomorrow," she said, simply, "but indeed I could not resist the pleasure of putting it into your hands today."

"And you, the richest heiress in the country, have thus conveyed to me the whole of your property, and left yourself penniless."

"Are not our interests one?" she whispered, fondly.

"Yes, blessed be Heaven, they are one; but being one, why did you not keep the estate in your own right? It would have been the same thing since our interests are inseparable? Answer, love, why?"

"Oh," said Maud, hiding her blushing face in his bosom, and speaking in the soft, low tones of devotion, "you don't know a woman's fond, doating heart. She does so delight to depend upon her husband, to leave all things to his love, to receive everything from his hand. That is the way with her—Heaven has made her so."

This was a new revelation to Falconer. His face might have been an artist's. Disengaging himself from her shy embrace he tore the deed in fragments, and threw it upon the floor.

Maud regarded this sudden change with a look of perplexity and trouble. But he turned with a radiant smile, opened his arms and gathered her to his bosom, saying:

"It was the idea of my taking this patrimony away from you that kindled my scorn. Dear, fond, sweet Maud, it was beautiful—it was lovely in you to offer it; but it would have been unmanly in me to have taken it, sweet Maud. That lovely epithet of endearment suits you yet, sweet Maud, for you are sweeter than life to me."

At eight o'clock the next morning the whole wedding company assembled in the gorgeously-furnished saloon of the Hall. The central group was, of course, the bridal party.

Falconer looked handsome, imposing, princely. His dress was of blue cloth, with the coat facings, the vest, stock, &c., of rich white satin; his fine figure was drawn up to its full height; his dark

and splendid countenance was irradiated with the love, pride and joy he could not entirely suppress.

And Maud was such a beautiful and peerless bride. She wore a magnificent dress of white brocade, deeply flounced with real Brussels lace, the berthe and the sleeve-falls of the same trimming. Her rich veil of ample size and texture fell round her beautiful form like a transparent mist. A wreath of orange-blossoms crowned her head, and her splendid, golden-hued ringlets flashed down each side her blooming cheeks, reflecting a sort of halo around them. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground.

Three young ladies in white satin and white rose wreaths and three young gentlemen in the proper wedding-dress officiated as attendants.

The Reverend Mr. Lovel performed the ceremony, and Sir Henry Percival gave away the bride.

Falconer pronounced his vows in a deep, earnest tone, with his eyes fixed upon his beloved; but Maud's voice faltered very much, and her eyes constantly sought the ground.

When the rites were over Mrs. Lovel lifted the veil from the bride's head, and friends pressed around with congratulations.

A sumptuous breakfast was waiting in the dining-room, to which the company soon repaired. It was a breakfast after the French style, with meats, game, pastry, fruits, and light wine, &c.

Healths were drunk, toasts were proposed, jests, good wishes, and congratulations were passed around; and so the marriage festival came to an end at last.

A superb travelling carriage, drawn by a pair of high-spirited grey horses, stood before the Hall door.

As soon as the bride had changed her wedding dress for a travelling dress the young pair bade adieu to their friends, entered the carriage, and set out upon their bridal tour.

They had thought to glide very quietly and unobtrusively through their continental tour, but everywhere, in all the old cities of the Continent had the young artist's fame preceded him, and in every country where the love of liberty and the esteem of political righteousness prevailed was the memory of the name of Richard Pemberton.

In all places were attention and adulation lavished upon the beautiful young woman, the only daughter of the mighty Richard Pemberton.

And everywhere Maud's heart beat high at the honours paid to the memory of her father, and the genius of her husband.

They returned to their native country, and reached the metropolis the following May, in the height of the fashionable season.

Here, also, quietly as they had glided in, they were received with great éclat. The memory of Richard Pemberton was fresh in the hearts of his countrymen.

Opposite parties—all parties united now to do his great nature justice, and his only representative—his beautiful daughter—was everywhere attended with the most distinguished honours.

Maud once more found herself the reigning queen of the capital, while Falconer was its greatest celebrity.

In July the young pair sought once more their beautiful country seat at the Hollow for a reason that will soon appear, for in August there was an heir born to the estate, a fine boy who received in baptism the name of Richard Pemberton, and the happiness of the young couple needed nothing to complete it.

The improvements in the neighbourhood which had been projected and commenced by Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton were carried on to completion by the youthful proprietors. Under their auspices the hamlet has sprung up to be one of the most flourishing villages.

At this moment Coverdale Hall is the elegant seat of refined hospitality, the honoured shrine of genius, and the favoured abode of domestic love and bliss.

THE END.

## KID GLOVES.

In making a pair of kid gloves three persons are employed—the cutter, the sewer, and the thumb-maker. The sewing, with the exception of the button-holes, is done by machines. The work of the cutter looks simple, but it requires a skilful eye and hand, as anyone may imagine when he thinks of the perfection of fit which gloves are made to attain. A table, a pair of scissors, knife and pot of powder are all the implements needed by the cutter. An ordinary skin will make two pairs and very fine ones three pairs of gloves. After the skin has been dried

it is carefully stretched and manipulated to ascertain if it has any flaws in it. It is then cut in strips twice the width of the glove, enough then generally remaining to cut into smaller strips for the thumbs. After the fingers have been suitably shaped by the scissors, the gloves are passed into the hands of the sewers, and from them to the thumb-makers, from whom they quickly come in a finished state.

## THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Mrs. SNIFFE's friends did not visit Beau Rivage as they had intended doing, for the master lay dead in the house where gay revels were to have been held, and there were knots of crape at every outer door, and the shutters were closed and the village bell tolled, and tolled, and tolled, until Trixey asked, wonderingly:

"Is ever so many man's dead?"

Mrs. Sniffe came to attend her cousin's funeral, and remembering the first days of her own widowhood and what had comforted her, she took the precaution to bring from her own modiste's, Madame Lafarge, on approbation, the very latest and most becoming styles of mourning.

Three dresses, imported directly from Paris, all fashioned after those of the empress herself—all fearfully and wonderfully made, and all elaborately trimmed with crape of the costliest kind.

Two bonnets, also Paris made and the very newest shapes, one with a widow's cap of the extreme kind, denoting intensest grief, the other, smaller, more youthful, with just an apology for a cap which would look well around any face.

Of course this was the one Julia would select, Mrs. Sniffe thought, inasmuch as she would never let her grief interfere with her looks, and after she had kissed her and called her "My poor dear," and held to her own eyes a bit of lace and linen lawn, she dragged her to her own apartment where Katy, her maid, had spread the garments out upon the bed and chairs for inspection.

"I knew you could not get anything here fit to wear," she said, entering at once and very cheerfully into the subject, "so I asked permission of Lafarge to bring these dresses with me, and two bonnets for you to try. I am sure you will keep the dresses, they are so lovely, and the overskirts are looped so beautifully and yet so skilfully, that nobody can copy them, which is a comfort in a small place like this, where they naturally look to you for the fashions. What a dreadful dowdy that Mrs. Morton is, by the way, if she is your cousin, and how can that stylish Miss Belknap make so much of her unless she hopes some day to get her husband. I think he is splendid. Just look at those bonnets, Jule; the one with the deep cap is very extreme grief, and the other only moderate. You will choose the latter, I am certain, for it is far more becoming, and what one wears is no criterion of their sorrow. See how it looks on me," and taking up the bonnet, supposed to represent moderate grief, flippant Mrs. Sniffe adjusted it on her light, frizzly hair, and gracefully throwing back the long crape veil, turned for the first time and looked at her cousin, whose black eyes were fairly blazing with anger and contempt.

"Mary Sniffe," she began, "do you think me so heartless and unprincipled as to care now for what is becoming in dress, or what will look best on me? Have I seemed so utterly devoid of affection or respect for the dead man below that you should insult me thus?"

"I never meant to insult you, Jule," Mrs. Sniffe retorted, her pale face flushing a little. "I only judged you by myself, which is surely righteous judgment. I never pretended to be in love with my husband, and he knew I wasn't; neither did I pretend to be sorry when he died, except in a general kind of way, as we are sorry when any friend dies, for how could I be, we were so unlike, and he so much older than I. And to tell the truth, I have never given you credit for any more love for Harry than could be compensated for by freedom and heaps of money."

It was a very coarse, unfeeling speech, but Mrs. Sniffe was capable of saying coarse, unfeeling things, and Mrs. Hayden's voice was choked with tears as she replied:

"I may deserve all this, but it is hard to hear it said to me, and if I did fail in love, and duty, and

respect for my husband when he was living, I want you to believe me when I say that if I could have him back again, even sick and feeble as he was, I'd give everything I am worth now or ever hope to be. So don't talk to me of finery and fashion, or think I can be consoled by it, or care how I look. I am hideous in black any way, and am glad of it. 'Twill mortify my vanity, so if one of those bonnets is worse looking than the other that's the one I'll keep. The gowns I won't have, any way. It would be an insult to Harry, and you can take them back to Lafarge. I daresay you meant well, but you do not understand me," and Mrs. Hayden swept from the room, leaving Mrs. Sniffe utterly amazed at this new phase of character in one whom she had so misjudged by judging her by herself.

Very regretfully she folded up the stylish dresses and put back in the box the prettier of the two bonnets, and shrank a little as she thought of Lafarge's wrath when the goods were returned.

Mr. Hayden's funeral, which took place from the house, was very largely attended, and every possible honour was paid him.

And the widow, as she predicted, was hideous in black, and shocked Mrs. Sniffe greatly by wearing a bombazine made by the village dressmaker, who looped the skirt a great deal too high, and did not tie it back in the proper place.

But Julia cared for none of these things then. Her heart was with her husband, whom she left in his grave, and then went back to her lonely home, marvelling to find how large a space he had filled in it after all.

For the first time in her life she had the headache—not a little, teasing, half-way ache, but a regular, tearing, brain-splitting headache, which made the veins stand out on her forehead, and every nerve quiver with pain.

To frivolous Mary Sniffe there was nothing attractive in a house of mourning like this, and as she felt no real sympathy with her cousin, she found it necessary to hurry back, and Beatrice was left alone with the sorrowing woman, who kept her room and her bed, too, for that matter, and refused to see any one except her physician and Mrs. Morton, whom she sent for and questioned minutely with regard to every symptom or fancy she had ever had.

Fancies Mrs. Hayden called what she had once stigmatised as fidgets and whims, but which in herself took a very modified form.

And Mollie recognised and sympathised with almost every one of her fancies, and had had them all, from shivering at the sound of a footfall on the walk to the singing of the cricket by the door.

But Julia did not speak. It seemed to her she should never speak again, she said to Beatrice, for the dead face, as she saw it in the bath, was always before her eyes, and the words "murdered by inches" always in her ears, while all nature seemed to have conspired to make the air horrible with sounds she had never noticed before, and which she wondered should disturb her now.

Every clock in the house was stopped lest she should hear it tick or strike; every bell was muffled, and the servants walked on tiptoes at their work, while every night the grass and bushes were whacked lest some luckless cricket was lurking there ready to commence his song. Truly the time had arrived when even the grasshopper was even a burden to the once strong woman, to whom the truth at last came with a great, stunning shock that she, too, had found her nerves.

She, who had boasted that she did not believe in such things; she, who had called poor Mollie Morton foolish to be disturbed with the creak of a door or a serenade of cats; she, who could sleep if a bull-frog sat on her pillow and croaked, to be annoyed now with a fly. Alas, how had the mighty fallen. There was a storm of mortified tears as she confessed her weakness to Beatrice, and said, with quivering lip:

"Sometimes I think I am actually nervous."

"I know you are," was Bee's laconic reply, and in her heart she was not quite as sorry as she ought to have been for this woman, become suddenly so childish and fanciful that neither Mrs. Morton nor her mother was any comparison to her.

Any noise, however slight, drove her nearly frantic, except indeed the sound of children's voices in the street, or the patter of Trixey's and Bunchie's feet when they came, as they sometimes did, with some message from their mother.

Mrs. Hayden had never been fond of children, and had more than once said that no greater calamity could befall her than to have a little child, but her whole nature seemed to be changed with the finding of her nerves, and always when she knew Trix and Bunchie were in the house she insisted upon having them brought to her room, where she fondled and potted them, until in her surprise Trixey asked her once:



"What makes you so dood? Is it 'cause your father's dead?"

While fat little Bunchie, standing on tiptoe, lifted her blue eyes to the worn face looking at her so eagerly, and chirped:

"Is you sorry you hasn't any nittie girl like us?"

"Yes, Bunch—yes, so sorry."

And in an instant the astonished child was caught up by the lonesome woman, who hugged and kissed her passionately as she said:

"Yes, Bunchie; I'd give the world if I had a little girl like you to love."

"Why doesn't oo pay for one 'en. Papa tells us to pay for what we wants, and I did. I payed for a dolly what suts its eyes at 'Tissmass, and it tomed right down the timney into my 'tackin'."

Bunchie said, as Mrs. Hayden set her down upon the floor, where she stood panting and red with the hugging she had received, and pulling down her white pinafore, which had been somewhat disarranged.

"Yes, why doesn't you pray for a little dirl?"

Trix chimed in. "Jesus would give you one."

"No, he won't. 'It's too late now," Julia said, as her great black eyes fastened themselves lovingly and hungrily upon the two little children gazing at her.

But Trixey's faith was very strong, and she replied:

"I dess he will. I means to ask him every day will he, till he does."

Trixey was as good as her word, and that night astonished her mother by adding to her accustomed prayer the petition that "He would bress Aunt Julia and make her well, and dive her a little dirl baby like me and Bunchie for her very own."

Meanwhile poor Julia lay in her luxurious room, enduring such martyrdom from nervousness and sleeplessness as few have ever suffered.

And Beatrice was tired out, and said she must go home to Rothsay, where she had a presentiment that she was needed.

The reformers wanted her, she knew, for they were in seas of trouble with their hidden bottles of brandy, and Rhoda Ann had written her a letter of four pages foolscap beseeching her to come to the rescue, and not forsake the ranks just when she was needed most to fight with the adversary, who, like a roaring lion, was let loose upon the camp off the faithful in the shape of John Black and John White, and John Green and John Brown, who had beaten the ladies every time by proving that the stuff they sold for brandy was not branny at all, but a vile concoction of anised and cloves and soothing-syrup.

So wrote Rhoda Ann, declaring it a sin and a shame that when you paid for a thing you didn't get it at all, and saying that hereafter when she was wanting brandy or spirits of any kind she'd send for it where she could get the Simon-pure.

Beatrice laughed heartily over this letter from impulsive, excitable Rhoda, whom the court had tried to prove insane and so throw out her evidence, but it did not affect her like the few playful lines written by another friend in Rothsay, to the effect that "if she had any claims on Everard she had better come home and see to them, as rumour said he spent more than half his time at the Forrest House, and Rosamond was growing so pretty."

This decided Beatrice that she must go, but when she said so to Mrs. Hayden that lady went into hysterics, and behaved in so wonderful a manner that she decided to remain a few weeks longer, but at the end of that time she departed for Rothsay, and Mrs. Hayden was left alone with her ailments, fancied and real.

That some of them were the latter was proved by her thin, white face, and utter inability to sit up even for a few moments without fainting entirely away.

In this state of affairs Mrs. Morton's mother, Mrs. Brown, who for weeks and months had scarcely left her bed, roused herself and actually went to Beau Rivage, where her presence did more good to the strangely affected woman than all the medicine in the doctor's case.

Mrs. Sniffe was happy getting up a wardrobe which she knew would not be discarded and sent back as the mourning dresses had been. And when at last the May days came, and the pink-and-white apple blossom hung upon the trees, there came a lovely morning when Trix and Bunchie went as was their wont to Beau Rivage, to see if the child had come.

Their faith had never wavered, and all through the winter months and spring they had put up the same prayer, one for a girl, the other for a boy.

But they were very docile now, as, hand in hand, they took their way to Beau Rivage, where their grandmother had been all night, and at the gates of which they met the village doctor. He knew the children well, and knew their errand, too, and

tossing Bunchie in his arms, he told her "the baby had come at last."

"Did he come down the chimney like Dollie did?" Bunchie asked; while Trixey said:

"Has she black eyes or blue?"

The Beau Rivage baby was a great success, and a marvel and nine days' talk in town, and such a source of delight and pride to the mother, who in her absorption forgot her nerves entirely, and thought only of her baby, His most precious gift to her.

Bullfrogs now might croak on her pillow, and she would never have needed them so long as she felt the velvety touch of those clinging little fingers, and heard the soft breathing of what she knew was her own, her very own little boy.

Happy mother! to whom, through so much suffering, and through so many tears, the new-born joy has come. Heaven bless her, and keep her, and grant that the child may be as good, and unselfish, and generous as the father who will never in this world look upon its face or hear the music of its voice.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE spring and the summer, and the first months of autumn had passed away, and November had haunted her dull grey robes everywhere, and even the handsome grounds at the Forrest House looked dreary and forlorn on that cold, rainy day to which I wish to bring my readers after a hasty glance at all that had happened since Beatrice left Mrs. Hayden and went back to Rothsay with a presentiment that all was not right with Everard.

Nor was it, though he struggled manfully against what he knew to be wrong quite as well as Beatrice herself. But it was like the confirmed drunkard trying to break from his cups and failing utterly, because he does not turn resolutely away from even the sight of the temptation which masters him.

It had come to Everard like a shock that he loved Rosamond Hastings as he had never loved Josephine, even in the days of his wildest infatuation. And how different from that first, feverish, unhealthy passion of his boyhood was this mightier love of his maturer manhood, which threatened at last to master him so completely that he went away from Rothsay for a month, and tried to forget the girl whom to love was sin.

So Beatrice told him; so all his better judgment told him; but his heart cried loudly for the thing, happiness, denied, and do what he might or go where he would, he could not shut out for a single instant the vision of the pure, sweet young face, and the beautiful eyes which had looked at him so wistfully when he went to say good-bye.

Beatrice had not advised his doing that.

"Better not see her at all, but leave a message to the effect that you are going away for a while," she said to him, when, every reserve broken down by her persistency, he confessed his love for Rosamond, and rebelled so hotly against the bar which kept him from her.

He had thought of divorce, he said. He could easily obtain one under the circumstances, but he had tried Rosamond on that point, and felt sure she would never believe in any divorce which was not sanctioned by the Bible.

He had assumed a case similar to his own, which he pretended was pending in the court, and warmly espousing the husband's cause, had asked Rosamond if she did not think it perfectly right for the man to marry again.

And she had answered decidedly:

"No, I should despise him and the woman who married him. I abominate these divorces so easily obtained. It is wrong; it is wicked, and He will never forgive it."

After this there was nothing for Everard to do but to take up his heavy burden and carry it away with him, hoping to leave it behind him.

But he did not, and he came back to Rothsay to find Rosamond sweeter, fairer than ever, and so unfeignedly glad to see him that for an hour he gave himself up to the happiness of the moment, and defying both right and wrong, said things which deepened the bloom on Rosamond's cheeks, and brought to her eyes that new light which is so beautiful in its dawning, and which no one can mistake who is skilled in its signs.

He did not tell her he loved her; he did not say one word of love, but he told her how he had missed her, and how she alone had brought him back much sooner than he meant to come.

And with a shyness which sat so prettily on her and a drooping of the eyelids, she, too, confessed how long the days had been when she knew the night would not bring him to her, and how glad she was to have him back, she and Mrs. Markham.

She coupled that lady's name with herself, as if both were equally interested and had been equally lonely. But Everard understood it and was fully satisfied, and stayed that night till Mrs. Markham had said it was time for him to go. Yes, high time for him to go, though the mischief was done, and never again would Rosamond's eyes meet his as frankly and readily as before.

Something in the tone of his voice and the unwonted tenderness of his manner had kindled a fire in that young heart which many waters could not extinguish, and to Rosamond it came with a thrill, half fearful, half ecstatic, that she loved Everard Forrest, not as a sister loves a brother or friend loves friend, but as a true, good woman loves the one who to her is the only man in all the world.

And to Rosamond there was no shame in this love, no reason why she should not show it to all the world, if only Everard would give her a right by saying the words she felt so sure were trembling on his lips for utterance.

But he did not say them, and could she have followed him back to his room in the office, where he still slept, she would scarcely have known the white-faced, haggard man whom the dawn found with his head resting upon the table, where it had lain most of the night, while he fought the demon trying so hard to conquer him.

He must not love Rosamond Hastings; he must not let her love him; and to prevent it he must tell her the whole truth, and this was what he was trying to make up his mind to do.

I have never tried to paint my hero as perfect; on the contrary I have shown him to be very imperfect; and so I may as well say here that possibly his resolution to confess the whole to Rosamond was in a great measure prompted by a sudden fear which had come upon him lest the knowledge of his marriage should reach her through some other channel.

On his return he had found several letters. One was from Josephine, who was still abroad and perfectly happy, if her word was to be believed. She had found Mrs. Arnold everything that was kind, and generous, and considerate; had made many delightful acquaintances, both English and American, and had come across Dr. Mathewson, who was now at the same hotel with herself.

This was Josephine's letter, which did not particularly affect Everard either way. America was very far off, and Josephine might remain abroad another year, and in that time so much happiness might be crowded that he would take the good in hand and not cross the river of difficulty until he fairly reached it.

This he had felt when he went up to the Forrest House to call on Rosamond, whose undisguised pleasure at seeing him had almost made him beside himself.

On his return to his room that night he found two more letters on his desk, one postmarked America, the other Holburton, and this last he opened first.

It was from Agnes, and had been some time on the road, and told him that Mrs. Fleming had died suddenly after an illness of two days only, and Agnes was left alone. There was still a mortgage on the house, she said, and after that was paid, and the few debts they were owing, there would be but little left for her, and this little she must, of course, divide with Josephine.

She offered no complaint, nor asked for any help. She said she could take care of herself, either as housekeeper, cook, or nurse, and, on the whole, she seemed to be in a very resigned and cheerful state of mind for a person left so entirely alone.

This letter did not trouble Everard except as he was sorry for her in a general kind of way, and wished he could help her. But that was impossible just now, for though Josephine's travelling expenses were defrayed by Mrs. Arnold, she made heavy drafts upon him for money, with which to pay for her dress and the numerous articles she was picking up here and there for the adornment of the Forrest House when she was mistress there.

(To be Continued.)

THE torpedo range in the Royal Arsenal canal, which is used for the preliminary trials of the Whitehead torpedoes by the Royal Laboratory Department, is less than 400 yards in extent, and is therefore inadequate for the purposes of the more powerful of these machines now manufactured. Provision is therefore being made for a new range, 650 yards in length, in another part of the canal, and the building from which they will take their experimental plunges is in course of erection on the bank.



[BROUGHT TOGETHER.]

## A POINT OF HONOUR.

THE little red school-house stood on the brow of a long hill, just at the edge of the village. A lonely place at this time, five o'clock in the afternoon; for the last barefooted archer had disappeared down the long hill an hour ago.

It would seem that there was nothing to detain the pretty school-mistress so late, but she still sat behind her little table, leaning her head upon her hand, and pondering, not over reports, or educational works, as one might think from her looks, but a love-letter.

There it lay on the table before her, and in her mind, swinging in the balance, was the yes or no. Which should it be?

Some girls find it an easy thing to engage themselves, and then break the chain when it becomes too irksome. But this Saidie Kempal was a conscientious little body, just unfashionable enough to consider an engagement a serious thing, not to be entered into lightly; and when once formed, to be sacred and binding.

So she was trying to probe her heart, and discover her feelings toward the writer of this letter, who said that he loved her so tenderly, and could never be happy unless she was his wife. The study had lasted an hour, and she was no nearer the conclusion than at first.

Perhaps, if she had seen a little more of the world, she could have decided sooner; but her days had been so bounded and hedged in by home ties and the quiet village life, that she had not yet learned the all-important lesson, a knowledge of her own heart. Her thoughts ran something like this:

"I like him—this Harry Barrows. I don't believe I shall ever see anyone else I can like as well. He

has a good character, is wealthy, and loves me. If I say yes, everybody will be pleased, and I shall doubtless be very happy. No more pinching about money matters at home or drudging in the school-room. I wonder why I hesitate? I wish I was a child again, to be told what to do. If I go to mother, she will say, 'Do just what your heart tells you, my daughter,' when my heart won't tell me anything about it. She would be delighted, though, if I would say yes; and I could lighten her cares so much. It is such a worry to mothers to have so many daughters unsettled. Then there is Lina Grey. How surprised she would be! I believe she rather liked Harry herself. I believe—I believe I will—say—yes."

The conference was over, and springing lightly to her feet she quickly closed the shutters for the night, and taking her white hat, locked the door and started down the hill.

She was glad to find that she felt happier, now that the question was decided. There is such a relief in giving one's happiness into another's keeping and knowing that it will be guarded well.

Saidie hurried on, for she knew it was getting late, and she had made an appointment to meet her friend, Lina Grey, under the great, weeping willow by the edge of the lake, and the hour for the meeting had more than passed.

"Meet me at our old trysting-place under the willow by the lake," she had written.

Lina saw her coming, and rushed forward tumultuously.

"Oh, I thought you would never be here," she cried. "I began to fear you hadn't got my note in time. I only returned late last night, and had not time to see you before you went to school; so I wrote, asking you to meet me here, for then I knew

we could have a half-hour's chat all to ourselves, and that afterwards we could go home together."

"And I am so glad to see you again," said Saidie, kissing her. "I've hardly known what to do without you."

They talked on and on, as young girls will, sitting on the fragrant sward, telling each of what the other had been doing, till suddenly Saidie's attention was arrested by footsteps approaching, and looking up, she saw a strange gentleman advancing.

Lina, too, looked around, and rose to her feet.

"It is only Mr. Earle, mamma's nephew," she cried. "He is to spend the summer with us, and half promised to meet me here; for I want you particularly to know him. Mr. Earle, this is my friend, Saidie Kempal, of whom I have so often spoken. Saidie, Mr. Ralph Earle."

The newcomer took off his hat, with marked emphasis, and then shook Saidie cordially by the hand, looking at her admiringly, though not offensively, with a pair of rather handsome eyes.

"Not half so handsome as Harry's," thought Saidie, though she blushed under the gaze.

It was Lina who did most of the talking as they walked home, and she was so bright and merry that it was a pleasure to listen to her. Such a gay summer as she planned! Saidie's school was to break up on the morrow for a two months' vacation, and she would be at liberty to enjoy it with the rest. "And oh! won't we have a nice time!" cried Lina.

Near the gate Harry was waiting. He was introduced in due form to Mr. Earle, and then fell back with Saidie, and walked with her to the door.

"You got my letter?" he whispered, as soon as the others were out of hearing. "Is it to be yes, or no?"

There was a moment's silence, and the girl's heart beat loudly. Finally she raised her eyes to his face, and there was not a shadow of doubt in their clear depths as she answered:

"I think it is to be yes, Harry."

The glad tidings soon spread through the Kempal family, for there was no secrets in that house; and it pleased Saidie to feel that she had made them all happier. If she had liked Harry less than she did she could not have helped but feel happier herself, to see the brightness she had brought into the house.

It was quite early on the first day of Saidie's vacation when Lina's pony phaeton stood at the Kempal gate; and under the white canopy with its gay fringe sat its owner, beckoning to her friend. To slip on a hat and step in beside Lina was the work of a moment, and the two girls were soon busily talking as the lazy pony jogged along.

There was a little reserve on Saidie's part, for she could not yet make up her mind to confide to Lina her engagement; but her friend was so busy telling of her own affairs that she did not notice it. After a while, she spoke of Ralph Earle.

"What do you think of him?" said Lina.

"I don't know. I hardly noticed him yesterday."

"There! I wish I could tell him that. I shan't tell you now, what he said about you. Do you know why mamma has invited him here this summer?"

"For his health, I suppose. He looks bad."

"So he supposes. But mamma has quite another idea in her head. She means that I shall marry him."

"Why, Lina?"

"It's a fact."

"Do you like him?"

"Do I like him? Of course I do. Ralph Earle is elegant; but it don't follow that I am going to marry him. He isn't my style at all; is altogether too deep for shallow me. I always liked him, but I shall hate him pretty soon, if my step-mamma don't stop her absurd manner."

"What can be her object? I never thought her over fond of you."

"Oh, I'm only thrown in as an encumbrance. She adores Ralph, and he is poor. Well, I've got money. Do you understand?"

"Poor child!"

"You need not poor me. I am going to make myself just as disagreeable as possible; and I have a little plan in my head, and you must say yes. I want you to pack up and be ready, when I come for you to-morrow, to come and stay several weeks with me. Say yes, that's a dear."

"Not if you are going to put me in Mr. Earle's way," said Saidie, looking a little suspiciously at Lina's mischievous face.

"Nonsense, child! You need not look at him if you feel that way. Only come; we shall have grand times."

There was no opposition to this project, and the next day found Saidie settled in the great stone house over the river. She loved luxury, and it



was like a beautiful dream to live amid such elegance.

She fancied that Mrs. Grey was not quite as pleased as she might have been with this arrangement; but Ralph was so pleasant, and Lina so delighted that she did not mind it.

Lina was right in pronouncing Ralph Earle elegant.

He was a gentleman in every sense of the word; and although not remarkably handsome, his face was one that could be trusted for ever.

Mrs. Grey was a widow, and although wealthy, this beautiful home belonged to Lina.

So, it was no wonder she was exerting her utmost to make a match between her favourite nephew and the heiress.

So the summer days passed on.

Pleasant morning rambles in the old woods; lazy afternoons by the willow, at the trysting-place beside the lake; and gay evenings over the piano, or on the croquet-ground, out on the lawn, where Harry always joined them.

Indeed, he was with them most of the time, and Saidie had grown quite used to being engaged.

There was not much chance for love-making, as the rest did not know of it; and Lina, in trying to avoid Ralph, made it so that Saidie was his companion most of the time, while she appropriated Harry.

Saidie could not blame her, although she wondered how she could help loving the one her mother had selected for her.

He was so brilliant and interesting, so different from anyone she had ever met before. He seemed to understand her wants so well and sympathise in all her tastes.

So it happened, while Lina and Harry played games, or ran races on the lawn in their wild fashion, the other two sat on one of the rustic seats that the old elms shaded, and read or talked.

Ralph had that charm which is so irresistible in anyone, a melodious voice. It seemed to Saidie, when he read, that all the world was drifting away and leaving them in an enchanted realm. What happy days those were, and how swiftly they flew by!

No one thought of the fall that was to part them all. They lived in the happy present, and were satisfied.

One day Saidie had promised Ralph to meet him at the rustic seat, and found, on going, that Mrs. Grey was before her. She seemed unusually gracious and inclined to conversation, and, after a few commonplace, said, abruptly:

"I suppose you are aware of my wishes concerning Lina?"

Saidie bowed her head.

"Lina persistently refuses to believe that I am disinterested in this matter, and, I see, has made you feel the same. I am convinced that Mr. Earle is just the one for her, and she is throwing away her best chance of happiness in flirting as she does with Harry. As for Ralph, I know that if he were left alone he would love her."

The last words were emphasised in such a manner that her listener could not help but understand.

"If you think I am interfering you are mistaken."

"I will be frank with you," said the elder lady. "I feared you were becoming interested in my nephew, and I thought I would warn you."

The bright colour faded from the girl's face, and a strange look came into her eyes. For a moment she was unable to speak.

Like a flash of lightning came the terrible revelation, the meaning of all the happiness this summer had brought.

She knew now what love was. To her there was but one hope of happiness in the world, and that she must put from her. It was a hard, strained voice that answered Mrs. Grey:

"You need not be alarmed, madame. I am engaged to Harry Burrows."

The lady looked at her in astonishment; then she actually kissed her.

"You sly little puss, to keep that all to yourself. How glad I am that you are going to do so well. There comes Ralph now. I am going to surprise him with the news."

And before Saidie could stop her she called him to them, and in a few words told the whole story. Then, seeing guests at the house, she left them, with a nod and a laugh, thinking, as she did so:

"She loves him, poor girl; but I can trust her. Saidie is the very soul of honour. As for Ralph, he will soon overcome his admiration for her pretty face."

There was nothing said for some time after she

left. An observer might not have noticed anything strange in the figures of the two.

Saidie, sitting quite motionless, with her face turned away; Ralph at her feet in the same careless attitude he had first assumed. But who can tell of the anguish in both their hearts?

"Will he never move or speak?" she thought.

At last he rose, and taking the vacant seat at her side, turned her face gently towards him. At the sight of it, pale and tear-stained, his calmness was gone.

"My darling, you do love me! What is this hateful engagement to us?"

For a moment she yielded to his passionate caresses; then she remembered, and cried, brokenly: "Ralph, you must not tempt me so. I have promised to be Harry's wife, and I will never break a promise that is so sacred."

"But where there is no love you surely are not bound. It is a mistaken sense of honour that permits such a sacrifice."

She shook her head mournfully.

"I should have thought of that before. It is too late."

Still he pleaded with her, and she, loving him as she did, could only refuse, although she felt it would be like parting from life itself. At last, seeing Harry and Lina coming towards them, he said:

"I will not take your answer now; send me one in the morning. And remember, dear, whatever comes, I shall love you, only you."

Harry overtook her as she tried to escape to the house, and gave her a few tender words that only made her trouble harder to bear.

She locked herself in her room, and did not go down again that night. She wanted to face her trouble by herself and decide what was her duty to do.

It was a long, hard struggle. The cold, gray dawn peeped in at her window as she wrote:

"No, Ralph. I was right. I cannot break my promise. Forgive me, and forget that you ever loved SAIDIE."

She sent him this early in the morning; and an hour later, before Mrs. Grey and Lina made their appearance in the breakfast-room, he left a note for his aunt, and ordered the coachman to drive him to the station.

One long, last look at the closed blinds, behind which slumbered the only being he truly loved, and he was gone.

When Harry came that evening he found Mrs. Grey in tears, Lina pouting, and Saidie invisible.

"What's up, Lina? Where is Ralph?"

"I don't know. Saidie is locked in her room, Ralph gone, and everybody else as cross as bears."

Harry looked bewildered, and Mrs. Grey said:

"Harry Burrows, are you engaged to Saidie?"

His face flushed crimson, and then turned white.

"We are, Mrs. Grey; but—"

"But what? You are engaged and that's enough," said that lady, sharply.

"No, not enough," he said, with a pleading look at Lina, who had dropped into a chair and breathlessly awaited his reply.

"I did think I loved Saidie, until Lina came back; but now I know it is Lina alone who can make me happy. I saw that Ralph loved Saidie, and hoped that she would ask to be released."

"Her sense of honour was more strict than yours. She has refused Ralph, and he has gone, nobody knows whither. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

And she swept from the room with an injured look, as if she had nothing further to say on the subject.

After peace was made between the lovers, Lina said, "Poor Saidie! We must find Ralph, and bring him back. How could the child be so good? I don't believe he will go any farther than Chester to-night, and James could easily drive you over after him."

It was as Lina supposed; and while Harry started off in hot haste Lina ran up to persuade Saidie to come down into the parlour, and be there at the time they would return, intending to prepare her for it; but she could not get her courage up until she heard the carriage-wheels, and had only blundered out a few words when Ralph sprang out of the carriage and hurried into the room.

Lina left them then, only hearing Saidie's broken cry of "Ralph! Dear Ralph!" as he gathered her close, close to his heart.

After the first rapture of the meeting was over, and they could talk a little more rationally, Mrs. Grey's clear, cold tones were heard saying to some one on the veranda:

"Yes, the bright days are almost gone."

And Saidie, clinging to her lover's neck, whispered:

"Do you hear, Ralph? They are almost gone." "Nay, love," he answered, "they have only begun."

And they have only begun. A happier couple than Ralph and Saidie is to be met nowhere the wide world over.

Of one spot both are especially fond, and they often go there. It is where they first met: the trysting-place by the willow. J. D.

#### WHY THEY DO NOT MARRY.

It is getting to be such a common slur of a certain class of papers that young ladies will not marry now-a-days because the young men cannot command a fortune sufficient to support their extravagant tastes, that many are found who believe it.

There may be two sides to the question. Here is what a city pastor says on the subject: "I have officiated at forty weddings since I came here, and in every case save one I felt that the bride was running an awful risk!"

Young men of "fast habits," a term that includes so much of evil, never choose a wife of the same stamp. They demand a purity and sobriety beyond reproach. A young man may laugh and chat with the lady who has sipped too often of the wine-cup on her New Year's reception, but he will not choose her for his bride.

It is at her peril that a lady accepts one whose habits and associations are not all that he demands of her. But is it not a fact that, as a class, young men, in what is called "good society," are risky companions for a life voyage? Are they worth having? May not the character of the young men, rather than their fortunes, be the reason why so many young ladies hesitate to pronounce the vows that can never be broken but by death or crime? Don't blame the girls too much until you have looked at both sides of the question.

#### RICHES AND REASON.

THE experience of the late Mr. John Daly, of New York, who got riches but lost his reason and committed suicide, points a moral for our time. The case of Dr. Ayer, the well known millionaire, who is in an asylum for the insane, furnishes a commentary on the failure which some men are making by their appetite for money. There are scores of similar cases of insanity caused by a too intense application to business. Brains are of more account than bank notes, even in this world, is truthfully said, and it is never wise to risk one's head to accumulate a property for other people to quarrel over.

#### THOMAS CARLYLE'S FATHER.

OF the five brother masons, James Carlyle, though not the eldest, was the virtual leader. The brothers usually worked together, but it was James who acted as "master," making contracts for building and repairing cottages, the others working under him, if not quite as servants, yet in some sort of dependency. James Carlyle was acknowledged far and wide, not only as the most skillful man at his trade, but sagacious in all his undertakings, and with a store of knowledge, derived from study and observation, that was the astonishment of strangers with whom he came into contact. He was particularly noted for his habit of using quaint and uncommon expressions, derived, probably, from extensive reading of old books, chiefly such as related to the times of the Reformation and the deeds of the Covenanters. There now lives at Ecclefechan, where she was born and spent all her life, an old lady, past ninety, yet still full of intelligence and vivacity, Mrs. Mulligan, who, remembering James Carlyle most distinctly, was able, when asked, to give a very striking account of him. "Old James, aye. What a root (original) of a bodie he was," the old lady exclaimed, with singular animation; "aye, a curious body; he beat this world. A spirited bodie, he would sit on no man's coat tails. And sic stories he could tell! Sic sayings too! Sic names he would give to things and folk! Sic words he had as were never heard before!"

Continuing her description of James Carlyle, of whom she evidently was a sincere admirer, Mrs. Mulligan added, in answer to a question: "It is not that he ever was an elder of the Kirk. He never belonged to the auld Kirk; he and all his brothers were members of the Relief Church here. He never

held any office that I know of; nay, not he; but he always spoke out his mind at meeting." And, in answer to another question, the old lady went on with her description of James Carlyle:

"He was the best of the brothers, that can be any doubt about that. But I think they sometimes led him into trouble. He was a good scholar, he could do his ain business well, and was looked up to as a knowing bodie. He had old-fashioned words, like nobody else. He read muckle; he was a great talker, weel gifted with the tongue. It was a muckle treat to be in his house at night, to hear him tell stories and tales. But he was always a very strict old bodie, and could bide no contradiction." Such was James, the father of Thomas Carlyle.—"Biographical Magazine."

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### THE DRAMA.

#### GLOBE THEATRE.

On Saturday there were two novelties at the Globe. Haynes Bayley's comedy of "Perfection," with a new actress—Miss Constance Owen—as Kate O'Brien, and a "new and original comedy" bearing the not very original title "Flirtation," by Messrs. Romer and Bellamy. We are pleased to chronicle a qualified success in both instances. Miss Owen to a good figure and pleasing features adds an excellent delivery, a clear enunciation, and an intelligent emphasis. These were shown not only in the comedietta, but in an address written for the occasion by Mr. Septimus Berthmore. The comedy turns on a series of cross-purposes worked out by Jack Rollope (Mr. Leathes), Archie Terry (Mr. Macklin), Alice Leith (Miss Ritta), Cissy Morley (Miss Lydia Foote), Sir Hawley Leith (Mr. Vincent), Major Shoreshot (Mr. E. Righton), and the Widow Brayley (Miss Clifton). The consequences of their "Flirtation" are "Complication" and "Consternation," followed by "Explanation" and "Extrication." How these are contrived and escaped may be seen at the Globe with much amusement and edification, but would take too long to narrate in print in the limited space we can spare for these notices.

#### STANDARD THEATRE.

THE play of "Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith," don't seem to thrive in its transplantation to the east of the metropolis, and though the play is well put on the stage and thoroughly well acted, it fails to "bring them in" like other popular pieces. Mr. Henry Forrester's Dan'l Druce is a good study; David Fisher has no superior as Sir Jasper, and Arthur Wood is up to the mark as Reuben Haines. The other characters, Geoffrey Wyndyard (Mr. C. Vandenhoff), and Dorothy, by Miss Florence Terry, are excellent. The comedy of "Sweethearts," also, supported by Miss Williams, Miss Terry, Mr. A. Wood, and Mr. Vandenhoff was so admirably played as to deserve a fuller audience.

#### SURREY THEATRE.

HERE Messrs. Conquest and Pettit's piece, "During Her Majesty's Pleasure," is very effectively cast. Those who love a hearty laugh should go and hear Mr. Arnold vocalise, we won't say sing, as Old Hardy-Gurdy. Nor is Mr. Arthur Williams far behind in funniness in Toby Dagg. Mr. Harry Sidney is fitted to a hair in Villiers de Vere, and Mr. W. D. Gresham was called for his embodiment of John Beresford. Miss E. N. Forde, Piccolo, and Miss A. Travers, Clara Beresford, were the one affecting the other lady-like and graceful, while Miss N. Russell was a lively Mary Mousdown. Mr. Brunton's policeman was full of dry drollery, and Mr. A. C. Lilly gave effect to the lover, Frank Wyndham. The scenery, especially "The Fairies' Glen," is very pretty. "East Lynne" is the other piece on the bills.

#### POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

WE owe a notice to this old-established and excellent institution which has for so many years steadily held on its course of instructive and popular entertainment, always keeping abreast of the progress of scientific discovery and the leading topic in the public mind. On Saturday last the Polytechnic gave its visitors an excellent and interesting pictorial and explanatory lecture by Mr. J. L. King, descriptive of the terrible war now waging between

Russia and Turkey, with a series of reproductions, on a large scale, of the pictures furnished by the artists of the "Illustrated London News" and the "Graphic." The liveliness of the lecture and of the scenes depicted must impress on the memory of the hearer and spectator a vivid impression of the incidents and manners of the war and its localities. There is also a new entertainment entitled "Spiritism," in which Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's exposures are amusingly supplemented by various illusions, optical, chemical, and mechanical. The "Davenport trick" is varied by the secured person in the locked and corded box immediately escaping and announcing his whereabouts by a loud whistle from the gallery. "The Sleeping Beauty" is narrated musically and pictorially by Mr. George Buckland. The portable gas-making apparatus, diving-bell, and other appliances add to the attractions of visitors to the Polytechnic.

THE Philharmonic, which prospered originally as a Music Hall, but came to grief as a theatre for opera bouffe and vaudeville, is about to cast its slough and change its name to the "Novelty."

THE new ballet on rehearsal at the Alhambra is by Mr. A. Thompson.

THE "Great City" has been revived at the Grecian Theatre, and Mr. George Conquest has made his welcome reappearance therein as Ragged Jack.

MR. ALFRED THOMPSON has been appointed manager of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. We congratulate the Manchester people on the acquisition of so tasteful an artist.

AT the Westminster Aquarium they have "the great Barnum, proprietor of the biggest show in all creation," delivering lectures "all about the World and how to live in it," or on it. Mr. Barnum, we should guess, could tell us smarter experiences of this kinder sort than any other citizen.

WE have again a favourable report of improvement in the health of Madlle. Tietjens. It is even hoped that she will return to London this week, and appear at the Opera on the 26th, and at a grand benefit concert at the Albert Hall on the 28th July. We hope this programme may be fulfilled.

THERE will this year be a curious revival of the ancient "Flitch of Bacon" procession and prize at Dunmow, Essex. The trial and the award will take place in the Town Hall at Dunmow on the 23rd instant, the jury being composed of an equal number of bachelors and spinsters. Mr. W. Tegg, the well-known publisher, will be president, and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, will be director of the festival. There are two couples at present on the candidature for the honour of marriage unmarked by a difference of opinion, or a wish for a return to a single life.

## FACETIÆ.

### AFTER BURNS.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

ALICE: "If I were to be put on auntie's spectacles, I wonder if I should see her faults as big as she sees mine?" —Punch.

### SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

"You seem to know all the gossip of the neighbourhood, Parker!"  
"Yes, ma'am. My young man is a postman, and he reads me all the post-cards!" —Punch.

SPIRIT-RAPPING.—What a drunkard's wife too often knows far too much of. —Punch.

### WAR RUMOURS.

ARTFUL ASSISTANT: "Yes, mum, these are real Turkish towels; can't get any more when these are sold, mum. All the towel-makers have been called out now, mum, to fight the Russians!" —Punch.

### OH, HORROR!

SURGEON: "Your pulse is still very high, my friend! Did you get those leeches all right I sent the day before yesterday?"

PATIENT: "Yes, sir, I got 'em right enough. But mightn't I have 'em biled next time, sir?" —Punch.

FAIR MORE LIKELY.—A contemporary says that it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from its spinning until it became a lady's dress. So far the contemporary is right, but, if one may believe one's eyes, it is much more interesting to follow it after it has become a lady's dress—especially when it has a lady in it. —Judy.

TOO BAD.—A fashionable contemporary, referring to the fact that a leading member of Society is now

on the Continent, and will visit many places before her return, says naively: "The length of her ladyship's stays, however, is not at present known." (!) This, surely, is a little beyond the bounds of propriety. —Judy.

CLEVER IDEA.—Some genius has discovered a remedy for destroying the Colorado beetle. It is to hunt up every individual insect, and, as each is found, to explode a torpedo under him. This, says the inventor, if persevered with, is certain to succeed. If the Colorado beetle is wise, he will give England a wide berth. —Judy.

A SAD CASE.—Somebody advertises for sale a quantity of weekly house property, on the ground that he cannot "collect himself." The property is not situated at Colney Hatch. —Judy.

MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING.—From a return just issued, it appears that a number of public statues within the Metropolitan Police District have been given in charge of the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings, under the provisions of 17 & 18 Vict., c. 83, s. 7. It is admitted all round that our public statues are bad enough, but it seems nevertheless rather a high-handed proceeding to give them into custody. —Judy.

### "ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK."

GIGANTIC FOOTMAN: "Did you ring, ma'am?"  
TENDER-HEARTED AND IMPULSIVE LADY: "Yes, Thomas. You see this poor kitten the children have found? It is motherless! Get some milk, Thomas! Mew like its mother!—and feed it!" —Punch.

### "TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS."

THIS, from a late Number of the Times, is, at least, candid:—

EXCHANGE.—A Clergyman, near London, who PREPARES for the ARMY, will take a Youth, in exchange for his Daughter (22). —Punch.

### "THE PRIEST IN ABSOLUTION."

By a much-needed application of soap-and-water to his dirt, will become "The Priest in Absolution"; ducked in the most convenient horse-pond, "The Priest in Solution"; and, in relation to the Church he does his worst to bring into hatred and contempt, "The Priest in Dissolution—of the Establishment." —Punch.

### EXPENSIVE!

LONDONER (to friend from the North): "Well, how do you like the opera, MacAlister?"

MR. MACALISTER: "No that bad. But isn't no dreadful, 'man, to be sittin' in those chairs at ten shillings apiece?" —Punch.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.—See the Monday charges at the Police Courts. —Punch.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.—Going to the Seaside in search of quiet. —Punch.

### "TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE."

A MONUMENT to some Waterloo heroes has been unveiled at Nottingham. We are in ignorance as to whether any special motto adorns the work; if not we should suggest the time-honoured one of "Better late than never," or even more to the point, "Not so forgotten." —Fad.

### A CONUNDRUM.

WHAT's the difference between Mr. Gladstone and the Conservative Party?—The Eastern Question! Ha! —Fad.

A NOM DE PLUME.—That of the founder of Pennsylvania. —Fad.

### NOTE FOR WHIST PLAYERS.

WHEN in doubt how to use a long suit of spades, turn up "Clay." —Funny Folks.

### THE "LAST" NOVELTY.

EVERY one has heard of a "boot-tree," and now a correspondent of the "Echo" states that in Japan there grows the "Shu-tree," which produces mushrooms—another example of the combination between the useful and the bootiful. —Funny Folks.

### LATEST FROM ETON.

BOY: "What are these strawberries, Briggs?"  
BRIGGS: "Two shillings the pottle, sir; and as that makes three you've had, it'll be—"  
BOY: "All right, Briggs, I want all my ready cash. Draw on me at three months!" —Funny Folks.

### BREVET BANK.

MRS. JUGGINS lost one of her lodgers lately. He went off suddenly on urgent private affairs, and forgot to settle his little account. "Ah," says the



old lady, "when 'e come 'ere 'e called 'isself a Japting; but I've discovered to my cost 'e's only a left tenant."

WANTED.—A hen who can lay a foundation-stone.  
—Fun.

NOTE.

THEY make flowers of shells now. Anti-fishal flowers, of course.  
—Fun.

THE LATEST HAT-ROTCY.

WHY is a shrewd and enterprising Yankee like a soft felt hat?—Because he belongs to the "wide-awake" order, and goes on a-head."  
—Funny Folks.

MODERN EXTRAVAGANCE.

NOT only does every lady find it impossible to dress without the assistance of a maid, but even servants in the kitchen require a dresser.  
—Funny Folks.

"AWFULLY ORE-FULL."—What the Emma Mine was'a't.  
—Funny Folks.

MEAN TO A DEGREER.—The temperature.  
—Funny Folks.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

PEOPLE who subsist entirely on farinaceous food are more likely than others to suffer from melancholia; and carcass butchers possess more head and pluck than any other tradesmen in the metropolis.  
—Fun.

IN THE STREET.

JONES: "Heat's awful, ain't it. I call it torrid weather."  
BROWN: "Call it 'orrid, why? I think it's delightful. Nothing 'orrid about it, I'm sure."  
—Fun.

HOW TO GET A FAT MAN OUT OF AN OMNIBUS.

MONNIER, the French actor, and his friend Romien once took their seats in an omnibus which was already pretty well filled, when there entered an enormous man who seemed likely to squeeze two or three of the passengers out of all shape.

The fat man wore several gaudy-looking rings on his fingers, and Monnier forthwith devised a plan for getting rid of him on that hot July afternoon. An exchange of glances with Romien was quite enough. Suddenly the latter seemed to undergo a fearful and wondrous change. His eyes assumed the fixity of idiocy, his lower lip twitched convulsively, and slight foam was even visible on his mouth. The entertainment was now commenced.

ROMIEN (pointing to the fat man): "Ring! Me want ring!"

MONNIER (to the gentleman): "Pray hide your hands, my dear sir; it irritates him! Don't give him a ring; I beg of you, no; pray don't!"

THE FAT MAN: "I have no intention of giving him one."

ROMIEN (with increased energy): "Me want ring, want ring. Oh!"

MONNIER: "For Heaven's sake, hide your hands! You'll render him furious!"

THE FAT MAN (putting his hands behind him): "This is intolerable! They oughtn't to allow these people to get into omnibuses."

ROMIEN (now quite furious): "Me will have a ring!" Standing up—"Give me ring!"

MONNIER: "Hang it, man, give him the ring, and let us have a little peace! You see, I've no more power over him."

THE FAT MAN (scared): "Conductor, conductor, stop!"

He left the omnibus with remarkable agility, and the passengers breathed more freely.

THE COMING RACE.—The other day she gave warning. When asked the reason, she said that she wanted to ameliorate herself.

A FAT French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pay for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

AMBITION.

JUDGE BRADY, in a recent lecture, told a story of an ambitious Yankee who aspired to the State Senate. Like a certain man we've read of, he gave one hundred dollars for the influence of a friend. His hopes were high, and he most willingly parted with the money. But when the returns came in he found he had but three votes. He at once rushed to his friend. "See here, I've but three votes." "Have you?" was the reply. "Let me see. You voted for yourself, and I voted for you, but who was the other idiot?"

LATEST WAR NEWS.

SOMEBODY remarking on the prospects of the Turkish navy, someone else remarked that in case of reverses it would hardly want for shelter or harbourage while almost every ship possessed at least a Boy of its own. We at once assured him that his pun was hardly worth the consideration of a Beyby.  
—Fun.

TOO WARM.

IN consequence of the excessive heat of the weather young Jones, who went to Scarborough with four ten-pound notes, found that the lot were melted before he'd been there a fortnight.  
—Fun.

ITEM.

HERE is an item of news: "10,000 sovereigns were sent to America yesterday." What an insult to a Republic.  
—Fun.

THOROUGH.

OUR Mr. Jenkins is so thorough in all he does. He has vowed to eat asparagus "to the bitter end."  
—Fun.

A LADIES' BILL.—Jacob Bright's.  
—Fun.

"LOVE IS RICHER FAR THAN GOLD."

In the soft and crimson twilight,  
Ere the lamps of eve were lit,  
Sat a maid, who watched the sparrows  
Out and in the tree-tops fit;  
Watched them, as they sailed together,  
Mindful only of "to-day;"  
Till she shyly, softly whispered,  
"I can trust as well as they:  
Love is richer far than gold,  
Hearts are never bought or sold!"

I may never in a mansion  
With my liveried servants dwell;  
Never, in resplendent jewels,  
Strive my fostered pride to quell;  
But when sweet and tender twilight  
Floods the earth, the air, the sea,  
Love may bring my home such blessings,  
That the world shall envy me:  
Love is richer far than gold;  
Hearts are never bought or sold.

"Life can bring to me no burdens  
That for love I could not bear;  
And by me no wealth or station  
Would be prized love did not share;  
Not the riches of a kingdom  
Do I covet. Mine to own  
One true heart, whose every impulse  
Is for me, and me alone:  
Love is richer far than gold;  
Hearts are never bought or sold."

Out and in the sparrows flitted,  
And the maiden—to her side,  
All unchided, came the lover  
Who had won her for his bride!  
Love had lured the heart of manhood,  
Love had won the maiden fair;  
And together, then they whispered:  
"Joy or care, henceforth we share;  
Love is richer far than gold;  
Hearts are never bought or sold!"

L. S. U.

GEMS.

THE lowest resignation is not to be found in martyrdom; it is only to be found when we have covered our heads in silence, and felt, I am not worthy to be a martyr; the truth shall prosper, but not by me.

SMALL sticks help better than large ones to kindle the fire.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.

HALF the truth may be a falsehood in the absence of the other half.

PEOPLE who like so much to talk their mind should sometimes try to mind their talk.

HEAR not ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. Believe not all you hear, nor repeat all you believe.

TRUTH, it may be supposed, may bear all lights; and one of these principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule.

STATISTICS.

THE CONSOLIDATED FUND.—A Parliamentary return lately issued shows that the estimated expenditure for Consolidated Fund services during the year 1877-8 is £30,020,000, as against an actual expenditure in 1876-7 of £29,587,873. The estimated Permanent Charge of debt is £28,000,000, as against £27,700,000; the interest on loans for local purposes and on Suez Canal Bonds is estimated at £420,000, as against £292,831; the estimated charge for the Civil List is £408,000, showing an increase of £1,290; annuities and pensions, £315,000, a decrease of £1,669; salaries and allowances, £95,250, a decrease of £1,600; courts of justice, £650,000, an increase of £18,209; and miscellaneous expenditure, £131,750, a decrease of £11,269.

THE expenditure of the city of Paris for the year 1878 is reckoned at the enormous sum of upwards of ten millions sterling.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO CLEAN COLOURED SILK.—Wash in warm soap-suds, rinse in clear, warm water, dry quickly, and iron on the wrong side while yet rather damp. If there are grease-spots on the silk, press with a tolerably warm iron under brown paper.

HOARSENESS OR TICKLING IN THE THROAT.—Take a small quantity of dry powdered borax, place it on the tongue, let it slowly dissolve and run down the throat. It is also good to keep the throat moist at night and prevent coughing.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—Soak a pint of bread-crumbs in boiling milk, add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and sugar to taste. Bake in a pie-dish; when cold, spread jam over the top, and over that the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with four tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put into the oven, and bake a very light brown. Flavour with essence of vanilla or lemon.

SILVER CAKE.—Three cups sifted flour, one and a half cups of sugar, one egg, one tea-cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls yeast powder. Flavour with vanilla or lemon, to taste. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add to it the milk and egg, well beaten, then add the extract. Mix with this very slowly three cups of flour in which the baking powder has been well mixed. Bake in a quick oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In a ladies' school, near Frome, the pupils are allowed to play cricket. They have a special dress. An English clergyman, "a British ecclesiastical dog fancier," astonished the Americans by crossing the Atlantic with a good kennel and exhibiting and selling his dogs at the late show in New York. The dogs were well bred, and sold for a long price.

The authorities have posted an order to all citizens of Paris to water the pavements in front of their houses, between the hours of eleven in the morning and two in the afternoon, so long as the heated term shall last.

STILL another memorial. A movement is on foot to erect a monument to Thomas Gainsborough, England's greatest landscape painter, in his native town of Sudbury. The Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Bristol, Lord Rendlesham, and other noblemen and gentlemen are taking an active part in promoting the scheme.

A MEETING has been held at the Mansion House for the purpose of promoting the establishment of a training college for teachers of the deaf under the German system. After some observations by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who presided, resolutions were passed in furtherance of the object of the meeting. It was stated that an offer of £1,000 had been made on condition that £4,000 would be raised by the lat inst.

THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY.—During last month no less than 10 tons 18 cwt. of fish were seized by the officers of the Fishmongers' Company at and near Billingsgate Market as unfit for human food and destroyed. The fish numbered 31,138, of which 16,900 came to London by water, and 14,238 by rail. It included eight cod, 6,200 dabs, 5,100 garnets, 900 haddocks, 13,300 herrings, 69 lobsters, 43 plaice, 151 salmon, 70 soles, 3,000 thornbacks, and 5,000 whiting, and, in addition, one basket of eels, 98 bushels of mussels, 20 of periwinkles, and 14 of whelks, and 200 gallons of shrimps.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY W.—To take out grease spots from boards: Dissolve some fuller's earth in a little hot water to the consistency of thick paste, and let it get quite cold. Cover the grease spots with it quickly, and after it has remained there all night, or for several hours, until thoroughly dry, scour it off with cold water. Should the grease not disappear with the first application the operation must be repeated two or three times, or as often as it may be necessary for its removal. To take ink out: Apply strong muriatic acid, or spirits of salts, to the stains with a piece of cloth, afterwards well wash the parts with water.

MINNIE.—Obadiah is a Hebrew name, signifying a servant of the Lord.

O. K. D.—Yes. It is said that if the upper side of a cabbage-leaf be applied to a wound it will protect and quickly heal it, whereas the under side draws it and produces a constant discharge. We do not know from experience how this may be, but the experiment can easily be made.

INTENDED MINISTER.—1. From every point of view a university training is much to be desired. The cost may be an obstacle, but there are ways of minimizing expenses open to those whose desires are satisfied with the acquirement of knowledge. 2. Apply to the Church Missionary College, 180, Upper Street, Islington, N. The Established Church and the Dissenters alike possess institutions in which suitable persons are, we believe, from time to time gratuitously prepared for their respective duties.

L. H.—We fear you have been duped by a man of unmeaning attentions. We are of your opinion that he is not engaged, but told you he was so as an excuse for jilting you. If, in the "forty-eight" letters you have received from him, he proposes marriage, you might sue him for breach of promise, but unless he is a man of fortune we hardly recommend this proceeding, as it might occasion you more irritation and trouble than compensation for all you have endured. However, you must threaten him with an action in the event of his not returning your portrait and letters.

TOM.—The meaning of Pater familias is "the father of a family."

B. W.—In many cases of disordered stomach a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed. It is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall, &c. In an apoplectic fit no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow the swallowing; if not the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense returns, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages from the neck, and a cool apartment procured, if possible.

LEARNER.—1. Translated literally the words mean "To take the moon with the teeth;" idiomatically their sense is "to attempt an impossibility." 2. Such a form of expression is called a syllepsis.

J. W. H.—Yes. The gentleman referred to receives a salary for his services.

A SIBBON informs us that he was induced to try Cooper's Effervescent Lozenges by seeing an allusion to them in our answers to correspondents, and he is simply delighted with the result. For the benefit of others he requests us again to state that they may be had of the maker, W. T. Cooper, 26, Oxford Street, London, W., in boxes, post free, for one shilling and twopence each.

F. F. M. was answered in No. 742.

K.—If you take an interest in such matters you can easily supply yourself with information by studying cranioscopically the elaborate divisions marked and labelled on the phrenological heads one often sees in shop windows.

E. A. B.—The marriage is perfectly legal, and the children are of course legitimate.

MYRA THE COQUETTE.—1. Femminism bad, in addition to which the orthography is very faulty, and the lines are dreadfully irregular. 2. It means that the person is more or less idiotic. 3. Yes. 4. As much freedom as possible is desirable.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

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biographies of Eminent Living Men—Politicians, Generals, Poets, Artists, &c.—each being accompanied by a Lifelike Portrait.

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER WILL APPEAR

## PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, CHANCELLOR OF RUSSIA.

This feature will constitute both a highly interesting attraction and also a most useful

## WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

FRANK S.—Thanks for your commendations. It is encouraging to find that our superiority is recognised. Apply to S. May, theatrical costumier, Bow Street, Covent Garden, W.C. We cannot tell you the price.

W. K.—Benzole will dissolve india-rubber.

ELLEN.—A person, whether male or female, comes of age when twenty-one years old.

BEARER.—Your wife can have no legitimate claim upon you in any way if, as you state, she left you of her own accord, especially as it seems to have been through no fault of yours.

BEACONSFIELD.—Biography comes from the Greek words bios, life, and grapho, writing. We are glad to find that you are pleased with our announcement respecting a series of illustrated memoirs. If you read them attentively we are as hopeful as confident that you will derive much profitable recreation.

M. F. H., seventeen, black hair, dark eyes, medium height, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a tall, dark young gentleman with a view to matrimony, between twenty-one and thirty.

MARY W., sixteen, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be dark, fond of home, music, and children. She is tall, brown hair and eyes, considered handsome.

ALFRED, twenty-three, fair, dark blue eyes, tall, handsome, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady.

## ALAS! ARE FLED THOSE DAYS OF YORE.

I stood beside you silent lake  
And gaz'd upon the scene around,  
While bright beaming  
Stars were gleaming  
From the vault of blue profound.

I peerd into the depths below,  
As if I there could read my fate;  
Would willing find  
Relief of mind,  
Or balm, for all my sorrow great.

Still would I linger by its brink,  
And dream those joys of long ago;  
Where we have met  
Methinks I yet  
Hear those sweet accents, soft and low.

Alas! are fled those days of yore,  
Those hours of love, of joy, to me;  
My lover's lute  
Is hush'd and mute—  
Cold Death unstrung its minstrelsy.

W. M. W.

SILAS, twenty-eight, medium height, brown hair, would like to correspond with a respectable young lady about twenty.

RONKO, eighteen, medium height, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady. Must be loving, fond of home.

JAMT, twenty-seven, auburn hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

ENGINE DRIVER, twenty-five, tall, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Must be good-looking.

M. H., eighteen, tall, grey eyes, domesticated, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young gentleman between twenty and twenty-four. Respondent must be tall, fond of home, and affectionate.

F. H., eighteen, medium height, brown hair, light eyes, domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman between twenty and twenty-five, medium height.

G. W., twenty-nine, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady between twenty and twenty-eight.

A. H. M., eighteen, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home and music, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady. Respondent must be good-looking, of a loving disposition, fond of home and music.

L. P., twenty-four, medium height, brown hair, light eyes, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about her own age, medium height.

ADA, LINDA, and GRACE, three friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of three young men. Ada is twenty-one, tall, dark, of a loving disposition. Linda is twenty, dark hair and eyes, fond of society. Grace is nineteen, blue eyes, brown hair, domesticated, fond of home.

M. A. P., twenty-four, medium height, dark, of a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a tall young man about twenty-five, steady, fond of home.

EDMUND G. W., twenty-three, dark hair, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

MARIA, dark blue eyes, good-looking, wishes to correspond with a young man of medium height, fair, fond of home.

JENNY and MOYA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Jenny is twenty, tall, good-looking, brown hair, hazel eyes. MOYA is eighteen, good-looking, tall, light brown hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and children.

W. W. would like to correspond with a young gentleman who has large dark eyes, black hair, of a loving disposition.

HENRY W., eighteen, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a young lady about his own age, good-looking, of a loving disposition.

M. G. D. and F. J. J., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. M. G. D. has auburn hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition. F. J. J. is fair, tall. Respondents must be about twenty, dark, good-looking.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

MACBETH is responded to by—Ninetta, dark, brown eyes, medium height, thoroughly domesticated, good-tempered.

HAMLET by—Marrie, tall, fair, blue eyes, golden hair, considered good-looking, domesticated, fond of home and children.

M. M. M. by—Donafide.

HILDA by—W. G., nineteen.

M. M. M. by—Alfred Charles, nineteen, good-looking, medium height.

VIOLET S. S. by—Hector, tall, dark, good-looking.

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